The Outlook

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A WORD ABOUT THE OUTLOOK

We hope our readers will agree with us that the changes they will find this week in the physical appearance of The Outlook are an improvement and that they add to its interest. Beginning with this number, there are some new typographical arrangements, a new cover, and a new department called "Current Events Pictorially Treated."

For many years The Outlook has published one issue a month with illustrations. Hereafter illustrations will appear in every issue. For the benefit of those who obtain The Outlook from news-stands we call attention to the fact that this additional feature of pictures on special paper necessitates a readjustment of the news-stand price. Heretofore for some time the price of the special illustrated number appearing once each month has been fifteen cents, and of the other numbers five cents. Beginning with this week the news-stand price will be ten cents for every issue. The resulting uniform price will, we think, be found a convenience; and it does not affect the annual subscription price, which at this time is not advanced. The illustrations which comprise this enlargement will be selected not primarily for their beauty as pictures, but for their illustrative character. Our desire is that they should contribute to an intelligent understanding of the personalities and events of current history about which it is worth while to have some special information.

For more than a quarter of a century it has been the purpose of The Outlook to study the current of contemporary life, to report it as an unprejudiced historian recounts the life of the past, sifting the important and significant from the insignificant and unimportant, and to interpret it in the light of principle and experience. The credit for the success which The Outlook has achieved in carrying out this purpose is due in no small degree to the stimulation and actual contributions which The Outlook has had from its readers. We hope that in the effort to further its dominating purpose as a historian and interpreter of current life by the means we have adopted to record current events pictorially, The Outlook will have the same kind of suggestions and comments and contributions from its readers with regard to illustrations that it has had in the past in other respects. The eight pages of pictures on specially surfaced paper will be selected and edited as all other contents of The Outlook are selected and edited.

We have made these changes in The Outlook with the same motive that governs the man who makes improvements in his home. Because it is his home, he wants to make it attractive externally, pleasing to its occupants, and inviting to the stranger, and, as the need arises, to enlarge it and make it more convenient. He does not, however, value his home for these improvements, but for the spirit that abides in it. This is the way in which we hope the readers of The Outlook will regard the improvement in its appearance and the enlargement of its means of service.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF GOVERNOR SULZER

The most impressive feature of the impeachment proceedings against Governor Sulzer last week was the practical unanimity of the High Court in opening the door wide to full knowledge of the facts.

The members of the Court eagerly followed Judge Cullen's lead when, as President, he declared that the nature of impeachment was broader than that of indictment and that some technicalities of criminal law need not be observed. So when the right of the Legislature to impeach the Governor, although it was in special session and convened for special ends, had been established after a brilliant and vigorous legal battle, and when also the

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equally important question as to the right of impeachment for offenses alleged to have occurred before Mr. Sulzer became Governor came up for decision, the High Court hailed with positive joy Judge Cullen's suggestion that the evidence be heard first, and that then the Court could judge with knowledge whether the charges were legally made as well as whether they were true in substance. Still another evidence of the High Court's desire to get out the facts, and all the facts, was its ready concurrence in the decision that the prosecutors might introduce evidence of campaign contributions not specifically named in their charges.

The public evidently approves this attitude of the High Court. Now that the motives of Governor Sulzer's enemies are perfectly understood, what we all want is the fullest possible exposition of the facts as to the charges. If Mr. Sulzer is to reinstate himself in public opinion, he must, on his part, defend himself, not by rhetoric nor by addressing the political and personal motive behind the charges, but by a frank, clear, and convincing exposition of his conduct in the matters alleged.

The most important testimony of last week consisted of statements by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, Mr. Henry Morganthau, now Ambassador to Turkey, Morris Tekulsky, a liquor dealer, formerly president of the New York Liquor Dealers' Association, and others, that they contributed to Mr. Sulzer various sums (not included in his formal return) during the campaign. In the cases of Mr. Schiff and Mr. Morgenthau the evidence was weakened, from the prosecution's point of view, by their admissions that they were willing that Mr. Sulzer should use the money as he wished. One witness, Duncan W. Peck, the State Superintendent of Public Works, testified that he gave Mr. Sulzer a $500 bill, and that after the Frawley investigation he asked Mr. Sulzer what he should do, and got the reply, "Do as I shall; deny it." And when he replied, "Why, I suppose I shall be under oath," Governor Sulzer, he testified, said, "That is nothing. Forget it." Mr. Stanchfield, of counsel for the prosecution, made at one point a scathing comment on the nature of the omissions from the statement of campaign expenses. This indictment, he said, is not merely that as many as a hundred omissions were made, but that deliberately Mr. Sulzer "paraded for the public gaze small amounts from obscure sources," but as sedulously omitted mention "of amounts that came from Wall Street as identified in the person of Mr. Schiff; of amounts that came from the liquor interests, as represented in the person years ago of Mr. Tekulsky; of amounts that came from brewers; from all sources where he thought the receipt of those moneys might reflect in any way upon his political future or be the subject of criticism or cavil or debate."

In a sense, the people of the State are sitting as a second jury in this deeply serious criminal procedure against the head of the State. Like a jury, then, the people should maintain open minds, should wait until both sides are heard before reaching final conclusions, and should throw their influence in favor, not of partisan politics, but of justice and law.

MR. BARNES AND A CONVENTION

The Republican Convention of New York State, held in New York City last week, was Nationally important, for it adopted two resolutions concerning National conventions. The first recommended that delegates to National conventions shall hereafter be chosen in the manner preferred by the several States. It was in part because the will of a State, California, was overridden by an oligarchical National committee at Chicago that the party was torn apart last year. The New York Convention urged the Congressional district as a limit of representation. The second resolution recommended what long since should have become the rule, namely, that representation should be apportioned more nearly to the Republican vote cast in the several States. Had this rule been in force, its effect would have been to cut down the scandalous Southern representation in the Republican conventions and to stop the rotten borough system of control. The New York State Convention did not content itself with mere recommendation; it urged the National Republican Committee to call a National Republican Convention to sanction these changes.

Timely as they were, the recommendations were not carried without a vigorous dissent from the stand-pat reactionaries led by Chairman Barnes and his followers. That these long-needed reforms should be resisted by such people is, we suppose, to be expected. That they should be carried successfully by Mr. Stimson and his friends is an indication that many Republicans are seeing that the

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subordination of the party to such bosses last year was at least a blunder. On the part of some it may be an acknowledgment that it was more than a blunder. The wrong done by the Republican Convention at Chicago last year is thus beginning to be expiated by fruits meet for repentance. Had these reforms been in force in the Republican primaries and Convention of 1912, subsequent history would certainly have been different.

The boast of the Republicans of New York State that they have emerged from a condition of reaction into a condition of progress is not, however, entirely justified. The nominations last week of able but too conservative men as judges do not entitle any party that made them to be called progressive. Moreover, the platform adopted, though expressing adherence to some progressive policies, was on crucial points aggressively conservative. The claim that the Republican party in New York State has been delivered from the Barnes control seems premature.

PRIMARIES IN MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW JERSEY

Primaries were held in Massachusetts and New Jersey last week. In each State they had special interest for Republicans, Democrats, and Progressives alike. In Massachusetts the Republicans chose for their candidate for Governor Congressman Augustus Peabody Gardner, Senator Lodge's son-in-law. The significance of this choice is seen in the fact that the old Republican machine favored Mr. Gardner's opponent; the result therefore is something more than a mere personal victory, though it cannot be regarded as indicating any real departure on the part of Massachusetts Republicans from a strongly conservative position. In New Jersey the triumph of ex-Governor Stokes over his Republican opponents was largely personal.

The Democrats of Massachusetts chose Lieutenant-Governor Walsh as their candidate for Governor. It is interesting to note that Mr. Walsh has been the only Democrat in our time in Massachusetts to hold the office of Lieutenant-Governor; his promotion to the head of his party ticket was natural, as his large vote in 1911 and 1912 indicates his strength as a candidate. Of more interest was the Democratic nomination in New Jersey of Acting Governor James F. Fielder. His great majority over his opponent, who represented the anti-Wilson forces, is a gratifying indication to all Wilson Democrats of the President's strength in his own State.

The Progressive nominee for Governor in Massachusetts, Charles Sumner Bird, is a paper manufacturer, who has long been a consistent Progressive in the conduct of his business as in his political ideals. Of him "Life" said some time ago that "he is a better man than Massachusetts needs." But Massachusetts does need a Governor of Mr. Bird's caliber and force. He would restore to the Governorship much of its old-time prestige. The New Jersey Progressives are equally fortunate in their candidate. Like Mr. Bird, Senator Colby was a Progressive long before there was a Progressive party. Mr. Colby's record in the New Jersey House of Representatives and Senate justly entitles him to the honor he has received in the nomination. In his campaign he will, of course, have the support of Mr. Osborne, his opponent at the primaries. The nomination of such men as Mr. Bird and Mr. Colby is an earnest that the campaign in Massachusetts and New Jersey will be distinctly educational in character and will be conducted on a high plane of dignity.

In both States the Progressives found themselves embarrassed by a system created by the two old parties. The progressive and independent voters who had been enrolled in the primaries of the old parties were, under the law, shut out from attending the Progressive primaries. The method in use of course was not adopted with design to interfere with the voters of a new party, for it was adopted before there was any expectation that such a party as the Progressive party would arise. Such a system of enrollment, however, interferes with the proper operation of a primary under present conditions. Aside from this limitation the experience of Massachusetts and New Jersey last week indicates the success of the underlying principles of a primary—that by it the whole membership of a party may be fairly free in its opportunity to choose a candidate for office.

THE TARIFF BILL IN CONFERENCE

In the conclusions reached as to the Tariff Bill by the conferees of the two houses of Congress last week the Senators in a large number of instances gave way as to amendements made in the Senate. Whether the Senate itself will readily indorse

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its representatives' action in all cases is in some doubt, and upon this doubt depends largely the question whether the bill will reach the President for signature this week. The Senate's conference committee, in addition to the provisions as to art discussed below, yielded last week on the income tax provision and on some administrative measures. As the income tax now stands, the exemption is fixed at $3,000, with additional exemption of $1,000 for a dependent wife or husband, but with no additional exemption for children; thus even the inadequate Senate amendment, which gave an additional exemption of $500 for each of not more than two children, is abandoned at the demand of those who have contended that the total exemption should be lower than it is. There is a just discrimination between the married and the single, but no discrimination that would recognize the urgent need of family expansion and the danger of race diminution. The rates of income tax are 1 per cent up to $20,000; 2 per cent from $20,000 to $50,000; 3 per cent to $100,000; 4 per cent to $250,000; 5 per cent to $500,000; and above that, 6 per cent. The Senate's amendment excluding the products of child labor coming from countries having no child labor law was dropped. The retaliatory provision, also a Senate change, was abandoned; so was the Senate's proposed increase of the drawback duty from 1 to 3 per cent; so was the "anti-dumping" clause (a House measure, this), which provided a special tax for foreign goods when there should be an attempt to sell them here at lower prices than in their own country—discarded as being really protective in nature; so was the indefensible tax on bananas. The House accepted the Senate's provision as to the date for free sugar. Many other schedules were disposed of by compromise or yielding. It was considered probable that by Monday or Tuesday of this week the bill would be in shape to be reported back to Congress.

TARIFF AND ART

The provisions for laying duties on art proposed by the Senate have been rejected by the Conference Committee of the two houses of Congress, and, as a result, paintings, sculpture, engravings, and etchings come in free, and the duty on art objects not admitted free of duty is reduced to fifteen per cent on modern works of art instead of twenty-five per cent, provided by the Senate bill; and if these works are a hundred years old, they are to come in free of duty. The Senate provision under which a private collector must pay duty on any work of art, whatever its age, unless within five years after importation it was placed in a public institution, was also stricken out.

Although the United States is still not enlightened enough, apparently, to free fine art from all tariff burdens, the country owes a great debt to Chairman Underwood in the House and to Senators Root and Lodge in the Senate for their patient and persistent fight to defeat the antiquated and outgrown impediments which the Senate endeavored to put in the way of the importation of articles of beauty from the Old World to the New.

PHILIPPINE SLAVERY

Mr. Dean C. Worcester's detailed statement concerning slaveholding and peonage in the Philippine Islands (which The Outlook discussed in its issue of September 6) has been amply sustained by the exhaustive report which the Insular Auditor of the Philippines, Mr. W. H. Phipps, has forwarded to the War Department. The charges brought by Mr. Worcester and Mr. Phipps have been vehemently attacked by Mr. Quezon, Philippine Delegate in Congress, and Representative Jones, of Virginia. Both of these gentlemen are apparently more concerned over the effect these charges may have upon the movement for the immediate independence of the Philippines than over the facts of the case or the moral principles involved. In forwarding his report to the Governor-General, Auditor Phipps says:

> I have no hesitancy in saying that I think the charges of Secretary Worcester that slavery exists in the Philippines are fully sustained. A question has been made as to the term "slavery," saying that it was not a legalized institution such as it was in the United States.
>
> I do not think that the question of the legality or illegality enters into the question of fact as to whether or not slavery exists. Human slavery is a condition of human beings in a state of servitude or bondage, and where one person is subject to the will and commands of another; where the slave is obliged to labor for a master without the consent of the servant. All the conditions that enter into such a definition of slavery exist in the Philippines.
>
> The almost universal report made to me by each person who had been asked to investigate was that slavery in some form existed to his personal knowledge; with a number it is a form of peonage, which is the most extensive form

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of slavery practiced here; with many others it is the barter and sale of human beings by one person to another, who holds such person so sold to him in absolute subjugation, and they perform duties and labor for him without compensation further than scanty clothing and in many instances indifferent food.

The information given by Mr. Phipps to the Governor-General was gathered for him by his district auditors. One official reported to Mr. Phipps that he was reliably informed that every Negrito servant in his district had originally been bought. His informant said that "they are generally bought when quite young and kept as slaves until they become old enough to shift for themselves; that they are kept in servitude throughout their entire minority; that when they reach the age of Negrito discretion they learn that there is no law which compels them to remain in servitude, and that if they are dissatisfied after they learn their rights they leave the owner's house." Still another district auditor has in his possession a list of seven Filipinos in one town who were slaveholders, one of them having three slaves.

Such definite and authenticated charges can hardly be dismissed as quickly as the advocates of immediate independence seem to desire. Representative Jones will have to find some more convincing rebuttal than his remark that "all of this talk of slavery and peonage is the dying and despairing wail of American officials appointed from Washington who are embittered against the Filipino people because of reluctance to be separated from lucrative jobs."

THE NEW HAVEN RAILWAY AND PUBLIC SAFETY

One indication that the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, under its new President, is aware of its responsibilities and proposes to move in the direction of scientific and efficient service is seen in the election to its directorate of Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, the President of Yale University. Dr. Hadley's election was recommended by the road's executive committee, and also by the protective committee which was formed as the result of the many disasters on the road. Its significance grows out of the fact that Dr. Hadley is universally recognized, not merely as a railway theorist, but as an authority on the practical side of railway finance and railway administration. It will be remembered that he was chairman of the Commission appointed by President Taft in 1910 to look into the question of bringing the issue of railway securities under the control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; that he has written a work on "Railroad Transportation;" and that he was an expert witness before the committee which drafted the Inter-State Commerce Law.

The need of scientific revision of the conduct and system of this railway was enforced last week by the drastic report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission on the recent disaster at Wallingford. The report does not spare the directors of the road, who are named individually. The Commission says that some of these men have been publicly regarded "as magicians in the art of finance and wizards in the construction, operation, and consolidation of great systems of railroad;" but that this estimate of the public is not justified either as to finance or to safety. The Commission points out that the directors had been warned by fatal experiences, but that they have never taken adequate methods to strengthen discipline, establish efficient rules, or adopt a proper system of signaling. Previous reports of the Commission pointed out obviously needed reforms and defects of management, so that "it is astounding that this state of affairs is allowed to continue to exist." Specific recommendations are made, and Congress is asked to give the Commission more power to compel reform. In the conduct of the New Haven road the report declares that "'man-failure' began high up in official authority, . . . discipline was weak and ineffective, . . . rules were insufficient, a fault of the higher officials; rules were inadequately enforced; . . . and while all this was true, high speed was required."

This is plain speaking, indeed; and the traveling public as well as the stockholders of the road will depend on the new management of the company to see that human life is safeguarded, that discipline is restored, that the obsolete signal system is replaced, and that safeguards, even if temporary, are installed at once.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Impossible! Nonsense! It cannot be! No other comment seemed reasonable when the despatches announced that Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, who are generally regarded as the greatest golf players living, both of them British professionals, were

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beaten for the open championship of America (that is, a championship open to both professionals and amateurs) by a youth scarcely more than twenty years of age, an amateur player of the game whose name was not generally known even to American golfers until this year. "Ouimet the enemy and they are ours" was the brief bulletin that was posted in the club-house of the Woodland Golf Club at Brookline, Massachusetts, on Saturday afternoon, September 20. That bulletin not only gives the name of the victor but indicates to a host of his new-made admirers how his name is pronounced.

Francis Ouimet may be said to have won international fame by a single "put." With a hundred and sixty-seven others, including the best professional player of France, three of the best professional players of Great Britain, including one who is almost universally declared the greatest in the world, and almost all the best golf players, both professional and amateur, on this continent, young Mr. Ouimet, of Brookline, Massachusetts, entered upon the tournament that was to prove one of the most exhausting ever played. In the tournament for the amateur championship the test was by "match play," each player trying to win the most holes from his opponent. It can be readily seen that in that sort of play a man might "slump" now and then without necessarily disastrous consequence, because after losing a hole he would have a fresh start when he "teed up" on the next one; but in "medal" play, in which the winner is he whose total number of strokes is the lowest, every stroke counts. If the player gets into "trouble" and vainly uses up several strokes in trying to get out, those strokes will stand against him in the end and nothing that he can do will wipe them out. When it came to the final round, Vardon and Ray had finished, each with a total score of 304. Mr. Ouimet was the only player who had a chance to tie that score, and, as he approached the end, he knew that in order to do it he would have to do better than what would ordinarily be regarded as perfect golf. He succeeded in doing this to such an extent that when he came to the last green his ball lay thirty feet from the hole. Two more strokes would tie the score. He putted the ball, and even from that distance it almost went in; but it rolled three feet beyond. On the next stroke, it so happened, depended an international championship. No one who has never played golf can realize how easily a three-foot put under such conditions can be missed. Ouimet tied the score. And on the next day, in the play-off, he won handily.

Americans are said to excel in those competitions that require brilliance, but lack steadiness, persistence, patience, unflagging courage. It is gratifying to have this record that Ouimet made scored up to the credit of an American; for if ever in any game a player showed just those qualities, Ouimet showed them in playing those 126 holes of the qualifying round and of the tournament. His performance is of the sort that could not happen, but did. It is perfectly natural that the comments of English golfing experts should remind one of the old farmer who, seeing a hippopotamus for the first time, gazed at him for a long while and then turned away, exclaiming, "Gosh! there ain't no such animal."

OUIMET AND THE ENGLISH PRESS

Though the English daily press has been almost unanimous in its praise of the skill and courage displayed by the American open champion, it must be admitted that his victory over Mr. Ray and Mr. Vardon was a distinct shock to those members of the island race who have considered their bunkers as impregnable as Gibraltar itself. The English open championship, it is true, has yet to be won by an American; but not a few see in Ouimet's spectacular performance at Brookline the handwriting upon the wall.

Only three months ago, after the American victories in polo and tennis, "Punch" boasted genially, but not without reason:

"German and Yank, you may keep your swank,
With the quivering lath and the diver's tank,
But who shall best o'er the bunker caper
And joust in the sand-filled trough?

None, I think, but the loved of Heaven
Whose path is the ancient green,
Whose hearts are buoyed with the sea-dog's leaven,
Whose brand is the iron keen;

. . . .

I will wage a crown to a mere piaster
That Teuton and Gaul and Greek,
And the far-away Japs and the sledge-born Laps
Shall fall to our *plus*-four handicaps,
And the god shall fasten the oleaster
To the blade of a British cleek."

Now that the wild olive has been transplanted from the veteran cleeks of Ray and Vardon to the cleek of an American boy,

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"Punch" will have new material for a lyric lamentation. Doubtless, however, "Punch" will be as generous in the face of unexpected defeat as the London "Evening Star." It says:

There is no reason to make excuses for Vardon's and Ray's defeat. Ouimet, beyond a doubt, played the most dazzling golf in the annals of the royal and ancient game. No precedent can parallel it. Ouimet, never heard of in this country, an obscure young man who started life as a caddie, was pitted against two of the greatest golfers in the world, men of years, ripe in skill. Yet this boy coolly and calmly outplayed them under circumstances that might have shaken the nerve of a man of iron. This marvelous boy did not crack under the strain and stress. It was the veterans that cracked.

We note that there is a disposition to make excuses for Vardon and Ray because they were upset by the gallery. What rubbish! They are always playing before a gallery. What upset them was the pitiless accuracy and unshakable nerve of a boy who beat them at every stage of the long battle.

One of the excuses to which the "Star" referred was made by J. H. Taylor, the present open champion of England. Mr. Taylor objected to the fact that the final tie was played as a "threesome." He said:

Nothing is more distressing than being called on to watch two other balls. It prevents one concentrating, and it was bound to detract from the skill of Ray and Vardon.

The flaw in Mr. Taylor's defense is as apparent as it is amusing. In good-natured comment upon this a writer in the sporting column of the New York "World" says:

But, old top, it was Ouimet who had to watch two other balls, not Vardon or Ray. All the English pros had to watch was Ouimet's ball, and they had a job too big for them at that. Ouimet was the boy who had to watch the two balls played by two most experienced professionals with world-wide reputations and great achievements.

Nevertheless, Ouimet beat their best ball.

Quite as emphatic as the "Evening Star" were the London "Daily News," the "Daily Chronicle," the "Standard," and the "Daily Mail." The comment of this last journal may be taken as typical:

"Golfers at this moment are engaged all the world over in the single, simultaneous, and irrepressible act. They are taking off their hats to Ouimet with a flourish of profound respect after a contest that will live in the history of the game as long as it is played. The mere stripling of twenty carried off the American open championship by beating in the final round two of the finest and most seasoned warriors Britain could put on the links against him. All British golfers will look forward to seeing and welcoming him to their midst next year in the inevitable attack upon the highest honors of the golfing world."

A BIRD MASQUE

What we are about to describe happened last month in New Hampshire. Unimpeachable testimony to the truth of it could be obtained, if necessary, from many witnesses. Among the witnesses of the occurrence was the President of the United States. Although happenings somewhat similar were reported by certain imaginative people in ancient Greece, they are, to say the least, extraordinarily rare in New England.

In a stretch of woodland a plume hunter, clad in leopard skins and the plumage of birds slaughtered by his skill, encountered a faun and a dryad. He had apparently just shot a bird. The effect of the shot had been felt by the bird-spirit, who fell fainting and wounded to the earth. To the plume hunter, however, the bird-spirit was invisible. Charmed by the grace of the dryad, the plume hunter lost his predatory character for a moment and immediately found that the bird-spirit was visible. His hunting instinct prompted him to attempt her capture with his net. He was restrained by a poet and a naturalist. Then the dryad appealed to him, and as a consequence of her eloquence he flung his gun and net away, and abandoned for good and all his vocation of plume-hunting.

Among the other witnesses besides the President were the President's family. One of his daughters, Miss Eleanor Wilson, was not only present at the time, but was herself the bird-spirit. Another daughter, Miss Margaret Wilson, was also present, and sang a song of the hermit thrush.

The poet was Mr. Percy MacKaye. It was his bird masque, "Sanctuary," which the participants in this occurrence performed. The faun, Quercus, was Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith, who has successfully managed several pageants of note. The naturalist, Shy, was Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, the instigator of the whole performance. Tacita, the dryad, was Mrs. Julia Barrett Rublee. Stark, the plume hunter, was Mr. Witter Bynner. Members of the Cornish colony, which comprises a number of people of artistic and literary distinction, participated as birds of

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various species. Each person in the audience wore a simple costume of mantle and hood.

The song of the hermit thrush that was sung by Miss Margaret Wilson was to the words of a lyric by Arvia MacKaye, the dramatist's eleven-year-old daughter, which was published two years ago in "Scribner's Magazine." The music of the bird songs was the work of Mr. Arthur Farwell, and the other music was the product of Mr. Frederick S. Converse. The twinkling electric lights, the rustling of the leaves of the trees in the wind, the music performed by a small orchestra, the robes and cowls of the audience, the fantastic costumes of the players, all combined to make the whole performance seem elfin and mysterious. And while the fauns and the spirits of the birds skipped and hopped and warbled about in the pine grove, the roads outside for miles around were kept bright by the searchlights of visiting automobiles.

BIRD CONSERVATION

The President's daughters, and Mr. MacKaye, and Mr. Baynes, and the others did not participate in this masque for their own enjoyment or merely for the enjoyment of others, but for the sake of promoting a cause in which they earnestly believe. It is a cause which appeals not merely to sentiment but also to common sense; a cause that should receive general support not only out of regard for ordinary humane feeling but also out of consideration for general welfare and prosperity. The indiscriminate slaughter of birds is treachery to a whole class of man's indispensable allies. Birds hold in check insect pests which, unchecked, can, and do at times, become veritable plagues. Birds of themselves are pleasant companions. A birdless world would be a forlorn world. So these insect pests do serve a useful purpose in providing a food supply for the creatures of the air; but what other purpose they can serve from a human point of view it would be hard to say. It is a matter of self-interest on the part of man to protect the birds from indiscriminate slaughter.

It is for the sake of this cause, even more than on account of the charm of the performance and the artistic impulse of its creators, that in this issue among current events The Outlook gives conspicuous place to this masque, and includes among the pictures published this week Arnold Genthe's fine photograph of one of the scenes in the masque. To enlist a sympathetic interest in bird conservation is well worthy of the efforts of naturalist, poet, lover of nature, public man, and plain citizen.

Appropriately the place selected for the performance of the masque was a stretch of woodland which has been set apart as a bird sanctuary. It has been planted with trees, shrubs, and vines of the sort that attract birds, and it has also been supplied with devices for promoting the comfort of birds, such as food-houses and bird bath-tubs. Of course all such contrivances, like the special planting, help to make this piece of land a bird resort. The bird sanctuary itself is made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Helen Woodruff Smith, and is named after her. Such a sanctuary symbolizes in a way the cause of bird conservation; but of course it can be of itself only a symbol.

What is needed is legislation backed and enforced by the power of public sentiment. Such a provision as that in the new Tariff Bill prohibiting the importation of feathers will be of immense aid. Rigid State legislation, however, is needed, as well as enactments by the Federal Congress. We are sure that Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, General Manager of the Meriden Bird Club, Meriden, New Hampshire, or Dr. William Temple Hornaday, President of the Wild Life Protective Association, Zoölogical Park, New York City, or the Secretary of the Audubon Society, New York City, will be glad to give information to those who want to know how they can help in advancing the cause of bird conservation.

ULSTER ARMING

Those people who believed that peace would settle upon distracted Ireland when a Parliament should be established in Dublin are apparently to be disappointed, as are those other people who have believed that the threat of Ulster to resist in case such a Parliament were established was simply talk. Ireland has always been a talking country, and Ulster has done more than its share during the past few months; but Ulster is apparently preparing to back up its talk with deeds.

More than five hundred delegates, representing the Protestants of the North of Ireland, met in Belfast last week and created the

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machinery of a provisional government which, they declare, will take over the government of Ulster in case the Home Rule Bill shall become a law. These delegates declared that they will promulgate their own laws in defiance of the Dublin Parliament when the latter is constituted. The skeleton government which stands ready to become a real government has as its head the standing committee of the Ulster Unionist Council, with Sir Edward Carson as chairman. Sir Edward, it will be remembered, has been the most aggressive and outspoken leader of this movement of resistance. Under this central authority there are to be six committees administering the different affairs of government, and on each committee one or more members of the Ulster Women's Unionist Council will serve. Articles of a constitution were unanimously adopted by the delegates, who have thus put forth in advance a declaration of independence of a possible Nationalist Parliament, and declared their intention of taking over the government of Ulster for the British nation if forced to that action.

A number of leading Irish noblemen have identified themselves with the movement, including Lord Charles Beresford, the Duke of Abercorn, and the Marquis of Londonderry, formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Marquis of Londonderry, presiding at the Belfast meeting last week, declared that he was taking the most important step in the thirty-five years of his political life; that he foresaw the possibility of dark days and strife; that the men of Ulster were not preaching violence; that they wished to avoid disorder, but that they would defend themselves if attacked, and that the responsibility of the results must rest upon the shoulders of the Government.

Meanwhile the popularity of the Ulster movement is shown by the $1,500,000 already subscribed to the fund of $5,000,000 which is being raised in advance to support dependent relatives of volunteers who may be wounded or killed in the fighting that may come.

The fact that the finance and business committees of the provisional government include many of the foremost capitalists and heads of industry in Ireland gives the movement greater solidity. The British Government remains silent, although attempts are still being made, apparently, by way of friendly conference, to secure Home Rule without at the same time inviting the secession of the Ulster province.

THE MILITANTS ONCE MORE

American women who are tempted to indorse Mrs. Pankhurst's methods will do well to read the reports of recent suffragette outrages in England. On the night of September 16 an attempt was made by a suffragette "arson squad" to burn Penshurst Place, one of the most important historical houses in England. Americans who know the beauty of Kent and its richness in personal and historical associations have taken great interest in Penshurst because of its connection with one of the noblest of Englishmen, Sir Philip Sidney. Any attempt to erase the traces of men of noble character and life is an attempt to diminish the possessions of a whole nation. In this case the outrage was made more infamous by the fact that the building is inhabited, and that, if the residents had not been promptly called, there would have been serious loss of life. As in the case of so many buildings in which Americans are interested, Penshurst Place will hereafter be closed to visitors; and the sole result of this outrage is to diminish the resources of the country.

On the 23d of September Seafield House, a former convent in the neighborhood of Liverpool, was completely destroyed. This building, which also had important historical associations, was to be renovated at a large expense in order to provide a home for imbeciles. The municipality had purchased it, and was making the changes.

A letter from Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, well known as a suffragist, who is now in England, declares that the suffrage movement in that country is passing into a new stage; that the reaction which follows a period of violence has set in, and that the great demonstration of the moderate supporters of suffrage in all parts of England "has awakened the sober sense of the people and made them realize the tremendous orderly, law-abiding force which forms the basis of this great movement for justice and equality of rights." And she says, "Under whatever guise Mrs. Pankhurst may come to this country, she represents militant suffragism in its most extreme form."

It is to be hoped that American suffragists, who are out of the hysterical atmosphere in which the movement is partially enveloped in

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England, will not make the great mistake of associating it in the minds of the American people with violence, destruction of private property, and the breaking of laws.

THE ALBANIAN FRONTIER: SERVIA

It would almost seem, from the despatches at hand last week, as if the Servian Government had embarked upon a similarly fatuous course to that of the Bulgarian Government some time ago—a course which has resulted disastrously for Bulgaria and for the misled Bulgarian people. It is to be hoped that the Servians will not be misled as well; for their exhausted army and treasury seem as little able to withstand another prolonged strain as were the army and treasury of Bulgaria.

The telegrams at hand indicate that the Servian Government is unwilling—or perhaps unable—to withdraw its troops from points on the Albanian frontier not allotted by the Ambassadors' conference to Servia. The Servian Government's attitude has naturally called forth the resentment of the Albanians; and after many threats they have now attacked the Servians in force. They have actually captured five important towns from the Servians. No quarter has been given by either side in the fighting; all prisoners taken, so the despatches read, have been instantly shot.

But this is not the most alarming feature of the situation. What has given unrest during the week to the financial and political world has been the fact that this particular trouble may at any moment lead to conflict with Austria; indeed, some cynics suppose it may have been incited by Austria, so that Servia should play directly into the hands of her northern neighbor, who, for her own ends, has always wanted to be known as the protector of Albania.

We hope that the so-called "Concert of Europe" may show itself in this latest phase of Balkan unrest more efficacious than it has been in the past.

THE ALBANIAN FRONTIER: GREECE

Last week a despatch from Vienna announced that the Greek authorities at Koritsa—or Kortcha—in Albania, north of the Greek frontier, had seized the American school there. The Greeks, so the despatch added, had also persecuted a large number of Albanians who had recently returned from America and other foreign countries, releasing them only when they had promised to aid the agitation for the incorporation of the district with Greece. The district is now occupied by Greek troops as a result of the Balkan War, although the Powers have indicated their intention to incorporate it with the new and independent state of Albania. The school in question is under the control of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Board is in touch with the Department of State at Washington relative to any possible interference with the school. We hope that the despatch is incorrect, for after the first Balkan war the Greek Government assured the American Board that its missionaries would be as free to pursue missionary work in territory acquired by Greece as they now enjoy in Greece proper.

The Koritsa school is in charge of the Rev. P. D. Kennedy, a Princeton graduate, and is older than the American Board's operations in Albania. It was founded by an Albanian family named Kyrias. Some of the women of this family were graduates of Constantinople College, formerly known as the American College for Girls at Constantinople. The Outlook has recently commented on the benefit to the whole of the Balkan Peninsula due to this college. Here we have another case of the good it has done. The school is still under the immediate supervision of the Kyrias family, but when the American Board entered Albania five years ago it became closely affiliated with the Board's work.

Bulgaria has been civilized by the American Robert College at Constantinople more than by any other influence. It may be that Americans will have a similarly prominent and proud position with regard to Albania.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN CHINA

In view of the latest revolution in China, it is interesting to note how the present political parties there arose. Under the Empire, the principal parties were, of course, the Monarchical and the Republican or revolutionary. The latter party was the result of the agitation against the evils of the Manchu Dynasty and of the determination to overthrow it. The party found its most rapid growth among the Chinese students in Japan. Returning to every province in China, they

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were ready, when the Wuchang trouble precipitated the revolution, to take it up and carry it to a successful conclusion. With the Manchus out of the way, the revolutionary party changed its name to the Democratic party. It chose Sun Yat-sen, the Cantonese reformer, as its leader, with the center of government no longer at Peking in the north, but at Nanking, the ancient capital of China, on the Yangtze River. In order to maintain the integrity of the country, however, Sun Yat-sen saw that he would have to throw his influence to Yuan Shi-kai, the present Provisional President, and did so. Yuan insisted on retaining the seat of government at Peking.

Coincidentally with these events the men of the Democratic party who lived in the central provinces, Honan, for example, felt that the party was becoming dominated by the men from the southern provinces in general, and from Canton in particular. So the Honanese and their friends formed the so-called Popular party, and as Yuan is a Honan man, they naturally supported him and his views rather than Sun and his. But these two parties did not exhaust the number of supporters of the republic. There remained, first of all, many rather reactionary office-holders, who did not take kindly to the radical methods of the reformers. They formed a faction and called it by the high-sounding—and, according to some critics, utterly misleading—name of the "Public Righteousness party." Finally, the followers of Kang Yu-wei (the radical leader of 1898 who persuaded the Emperor to issue the famous reform edicts) formed a party known as the Republican party, this despite their leader's former propaganda for the establishment of a limited monarchy under a constitution. With his usual ability, Yuan was able to bring all his powers to bear on the general situation, and actually to unite the Popular, Republican, and Righteousness parties into one—the Progressive party. The Democratic party claims that in this effort Yuan spent a million dollars in bribes. But this has not been proved.

At all events, there now remain two parties in China, the Democratic and the Progressive, one Sun's and the other Yuan's. The Democrats have a majority in the Senate of the Chinese Parliament and the Progressives in the House. Leaders of both parties have been assassinated. Sung Chiao-ren, one of the Democratic leaders, was killed at Shanghai; and Hsü Bao-shan, the Republican leader, at Chinkiang. Then came the recent revolution. Now that it is practically at an end, we learn with satisfaction that, despite the turmoil, the principles of equal rights are still permeating the country, and that the time seems to be coming daily nearer when China will be a Republic in reality as in name.

JAPAN AND CHINA

The tension between Japan and China promises to be relaxed in consequence of the evident desire of China to satisfy the demands of her neighbor. She could not well do otherwise. The killing of three Japanese citizens at Nanking, the apparently deliberate insults to the Japanese uniform and to the Japanese flag, have awakened great resentment in Japan; and the Foreign Office in that country has demanded both apology and reparation. The Government at Peking has announced its readiness to pay an indemnity and to make all necessary apologies for the insult to the Japanese uniform and flag.

These events took place in Nanking and at the hands of the troops of Chang-hsun, the general in command of the Chinese forces engaged in suppressing the revolt in the province of Kiangsu, of which Nanking is the capital. The Japanese have demanded his removal from that command, and it is reported that in consequence of the outrages committed by the troops in the taking of the city, both Europeans and Americans are making the same request of the Chinese Government. But while President Yuan Shi-kai can readily accede to the demands for indemnity and for apology, he finds it difficult to remove a victorious general who has just served him and who has been made Governor-General of the province in recognition of that service.

All interpretations of Japanese policy in China are to be received with a large grain of allowance. Nobody outside the Japanese Government knows what the details of that policy are. There is, however, every ground to believe that Japan is anxious to secure the confidence of the Chinese people and to prove itself their friend. In Japan there is widespread sympathy with the supporters of the revolt in the southern province because many of them were educated in Japan and have friends in that country. The sympathy of these Japanese with the revolt is intensified by the rigor with which the insurgents have

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been treated by Yuan Shi-kai. But that Japanese officials are aiding the insurgents is highly improbable.

TWO MODERN INSTANCES

The New York "Sun," which opens its columns to readers who have a passion for communicating their views to the public, has been conducting a midsummer discussion on the state of feeling between Canada and America, or, rather, between Canadians and Americans. Such discussions, as a rule, bring out the disagreeable incidents; for people who have grievances or who are angry are very much more likely to seize the opportunity for self-expression than persons in a happier frame of mind.

An illustration of the danger of allowing the passions to be awakened by misleading reports of international incidents is well illustrated by the Saskatoon flag incident, which was described as "a violent attack on an American woman." The facts, according to a correspondent of the "Sun," were these: A Canadian regiment was returning from camp, and on its way to the armory an automobile containing two women and two men rode slowly along the ranks, and one of the women thrust an American flag in the faces of the marching men. No notice was taken of the incident until the automobile reached the band, when the flapping of the flag in the face of one of the buglers interfered with his reading of the music. The automobile kept parallel with the unfortunate bugler, and the woman persistently covered the notes with the flag, telling him at the same time to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." The exasperated bugler at last snatched the flag and threw it into the street, and half the regiment marched over it before any attention was paid to it.

The significance of this incident lies in the fact, not that the American flag was insulted by a Canadian regiment, but that an American woman behaved in a very silly and offensive way. This recalls an incident which happened several years ago, when a party of Americans in an automobile wound the British flag around one of the wheels and ran through a Canadian town.

The use of the flag for advertising purposes is prohibited by law; there is probably no way of prohibiting its use for purposes of insulting other nations. America cannot control the comings and goings of its citizens who lack common sense and the sense of international courtesy. It is people of this caliber who, if the situation were reversed and the American flag were treated in this way in an American town, would be the first to mob the foolish and ill-bred foreigners who took this way of expressing a petty spite or a childish patriotism.

WISCONSIN'S CONTINUATION SCHOOLS A SUCCESS

The responsibility of the State for the education of its child laborers is being more and more generally recognized. Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Wisconsin have systems of industrial education in which the State has some degree of control or furnishes support. The first annual report of Wisconsin's Supervisor of Continuation Schools gives some interesting facts in regard to the success of the most advanced compulsory education law in the country. About twelve thousand persons received instruction in the continuation schools, six thousand in the day sessions for children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen working on permits from the Industrial Commission, and for apprentices under eighteen; and six thousand in the evening schools for adults. The average cost per capita was $10 per student, while the cost for the average elementary school pupil was $30, and for the high school pupil $75. Not a single building was erected for the work, and the extra equipment cost almost nothing, for the common schools were used during hours when they would otherwise be idle.

The success of these schools was so marked that the Legislature of 1913 raised the appropriation for State aid from $35,000 for thirty schools to $150,000 for forty-five. Wisconsin's system is a splendid example of the co-operation possible between teacher, employer, and social worker, under the "dual" system which that State alone has. Instead of being managed by educators who know little or nothing of practical industrial needs, the Wisconsin school is in the hands of a local Continuation School Board, which is composed of two employers, two employees, and the head of the city schools. These practical laymen have usually employed factory-trained teachers, and pupils are given, not only the required "English, citizenship, sanitation, hygiene, and use of safety devices,"

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but business practice, drawing, applied mathematics, typewriting, plumbing, millinery, dressmaking, or whatever their particular occupation demands for greater skill. Five hours out of every forty-eight that the child may work in one week in Wisconsin the employer must allow him for attendance at the "permit school," and factory inspectors, truant officers, teachers, and employers keep an eye on him to see that he does not play hooky. If he be an apprentice under eighteen, his master must not only teach him the whole trade as it is carried on in the shop, but must allow him five hours out of working time for attendance at the school where instruction is intimately correlated with his trade. For the adult there is the evening school, which teaches almost anything that he wants to know, from the ABC's to interior decorating or machine designing.

Thus Wisconsin is making a supreme effort to do away with illiteracy and the lack of training that are the inevitable results of a new industrial system, an old school system, and child labor. Against the greed of parents who take a child from school on its fourteenth birthday and put it to work in an employment that has no future there is no protection, so long as we allow child labor, save compulsory attendance at the continuation school. That is the one weapon of society against the individual, and it should be wielded in every State in the Union. Until it is, we must expect to have a "great army of unemployed," to say nothing of over six millions of illiterates, as we did at the time of the last Census. The remedy for human waste is efficiency, and that is impossible under any school system that allows a child's instruction to cease with the sixth or seventh grade.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GERM OF RABIES

After nearly two years of constant effort, Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research in New York City, has succeeded in cultivating the germ of rabies, commonly called hydrophobia. Galtier and Pasteur proved that rabies was infectious; other scientists found the characteristic minute granular particles in the nervous systems of animals infected with rabies, but the Japanese pathologist has been the first to isolate the germ of this baffling disease.

Dr. Noguchi, who is only thirty-seven years old, has an enviable record for distinction in his profession, and no one has questioned the truth of the report of his most recent achievement. One of the most interesting results of his researches is the discovery that the germ of rabies is a protozoön rather than a bacterium, as many physicians had supposed. In the current issue of the "Journal of Experimental Medicine" Dr. Noguchi tells how his labors were crowned with success. Much of this account is too technical for the layman, but we shall risk the following quotation: "In the early part of 1912 I undertook to cultivate the rabic virus, and I have now obtained certain results. About fifty series of cultivations were made with the brain or medulla removed aseptically from rabbits, guinea-pigs, and dogs infected with 'street' virus, 'passage' virus, or 'fixed' virus. . . . The method that has yielded the result to be reported is similar to that employed successfully for the cultivation of the spirochætæ of relapsing fever. In the cultures very minute granular bodies arise, which on subsequent tranplantation reappear in the new cultures through many generations. . . . On four different occasions I observed in the cultures from 'passage' and 'fixed' virus nucleated round or oval bodies, surrounded with membranes totally different from the minuter granular bodies, although arising in the cultures in which the latter occurred. Their appearance was sudden and their duration from four to five days, when they diminished coincident with an increase in granular bodies." These "round or oval bodies" were the parasites of rabies, which Dr. Noguchi goes on to describe in detail in his article.

No one should be under the misapprehension that the cultivation of the rabic germ assures the discovery of a cure for the dreaded disease. Dr. George Gibier Rambaud, the Director of the Pasteur Institute in New York City, says for the benefit of readers of The Outlook: "We can say that nothing is impossible, but it is problematical if a cure for rabies will ever be found. Rabies, like tetanus, is a disease that gives no sign of its presence in the system until the most vital centers have been affected, and it may be that our only bulwark against it will continue to be a preventive like the Pasteur treatment."

In Dr. Rambaud's opinion, however, the knowledge of the nature of the germ of rabies may lend the Pasteur treatment even more efficacy than it has now—which

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is saying a good deal—by making possible the preparation of a stronger serum than that now used at the Pasteur Institute. Furthermore, Dr. Noguchi's discovery is likely to lead to a more rapid diagnosis than has hitherto been possible in all cases. At present in about five per cent of the cases of rabies negative results are secured in the usual microscopical examination of the brain of the suspected animal. To diagnose such cases it is necessary to inoculate a healthy animal with a culture from the brain of the beast believed to be diseased—a process that requires from twelve to twenty or more days. It will hereafter be possible to get conclusive proof within a much shorter period by means of cultures made according to Noguchi's method.

"ELIAKUM THE BARD"

There is sorrow in every orthodox Jewish home in the land, for "Eliakum the Bard" is dead. Indeed, the news that Eliakum Zunser is no more carries dole to the Hebrews of all lands, for Zunser's songs were loved by his people everywhere. From his birth in the village of Vilna, Russia, seventy-seven years ago, to his death at his little home in New York's crowded East Side recently, Zunser experienced the vicissitudes that were the lot of his countrymen who emigrated from the Old World to the New to escape persecution, and it was the facility with which he caught the spirit of a people winning their release from political and religious thraldom that has given his poems such popularity.

The man whose mission it was to lay the foundation of modern Yiddish poetry began his literary career as a *badchen*—that is, one who entertains at weddings. Zunser not only improvised verses for these gala occasions, as was the custom of *badchens*, but he set his verses to music as well. His first published work was the "Book of Eight Songs," which appeared in 1861, and which met with such success that he determined to devote his life to literature. The cholera epidemic of 1871 carried off his wife and four children, and in the poignancy of his grief the bereaved poet composed his best work, writing in that year "The Bell of the Mail Wagon," "The Railway," "The New World," and one of the first Yiddish dramas, "The Sale of Joseph." These brought him recognition as the intellectual leader of the Russian Jewry, and in the period of great productivity which followed his poems rang with the fire of renascent patriotism. He turned his attention to combating those who wanted to bring about the "Russification" of the Jews, and he was the first advocate in Russia of the colonization of Palestine by Hebrews. So great was his influence that he became *persona non grata* with the Russian Government, and to escape imprisonment emigrated to America in 1890. His concert tour through the ghettoes of the larger Eastern cities of the United States in that year was a succession of triumphs. He settled in New York's East Side and continued the writing of songs for the inspiration of his people, but he never again reached the high level of excellence which he had attained in the poems written before he left Russia.

In 1905 Zunser's completion of half a century of literary activities was made the occasion for a remarkable celebration, "The Zunser Jubilee," in Cooper Union, New York City. The few extracts of his poems that have been translated into English show the rugged, primitive strength, the almost Homeric power, that is said to be the chief characteristic of his best work. Twenty thousand Jews, whose emotional natures were evidently deeply stirred, a few days ago followed the bier of this remarkable man through the narrow streets of the East Side as a testimonial of the love and veneration in which they held "Eliakum the Bard," the singer of his race.

CURRENT EVENTS PICTORIALLY TREATED

In the illustrated section which this week appears for the first time as a regular feature of The Outlook, there are graphically presented under the title "Current Events Pictorially Treated" certain typical elements of current life.

First in order, if not first in importance, is an instance of that athletic spirit of the day which gives us at least one point of sympathetic contact with the ancient Greeks, and yet shows itself in distinctively modern forms. Mr. Ouimet's victory in golf, as we have indicated above, hung on a "put" on the last green in the regular round. In the picture is shown the ball going straight to the hole from Mr. Ouimet's putter.

Another sort of contest, but equally characteristic of the times, is that of the Mayoralty campaign in New York, whose chief figures are portrayed in the pages of illustrations.

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Mr. Kline, Mayor Gaynor's successor, a Republican, was elected to the Board of Aldermen from Brooklyn. Chosen as Vice-Chairman, he became President of the Board of Aldermen, and, as such, a member of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, when John Purroy Mitchel, now the Fusion candidate for Mayor, resigned that office to accept from the President the appointment of Collector of the Port of New York. Mr. Kline is making no marked changes in the policy of his predecessor. His term, expiring the first of next January, is so short as to justify him in acting conservatively. Of Mr. Mitchel and Mr. McCall The Outlook has already had something to say, and will say more in the course of the campaign. Further comment on the issue presented by these two candidates will be found on another page. Mr. Russell, the Socialist candidate, is the type of leader to which the Socialist party is too prone to look when selecting a candidate for office. He is known as a magazine writer who subordinates accuracy of statement to sensational effects. It is partly because the Socialists of America, unlike the Socialists of Germany, are willing to be represented by such men as Russell, Seidel, and Debs, that they have not attained in America the position of respect and confidence that the Socialists have won in Germany, and even in France and England, and have allowed a wholly new party, within a short three months, to more than quadruple their votes.

In addition to these four there has been in this unusual Mayoralty situation one other outstanding figure—that of the late Mayor, William Jay Gaynor. Enigmatical though he was, he was known to the great body of the people not merely as the Mayor but as a personality. The picture of his funeral, shown in this number of The Outlook, gives a glimpse of the people who in masses turned out in the drizzling rain to watch the funeral train pass by.

The pictures of Mr. Roosevelt and his companions in Arizona, of Madame de la Ruelle, and of the Bird Masque, each illustrative of a phase of life characteristic of the times, relate to articles elsewhere in this number.

Of the scientists whose portraits are given together on one page, there is reference elsewhere to Sir Oliver Lodge and to the Prince of Monaco. Madame Curie, whose portrait also appears because of the special prominence afforded her in Sir Oliver's address as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, joined with her husband in the discovery of radium, which has resulted not only in radical changes in scientific theories, but also in practical benefit to humanity.

In "Punch's" cartoon, on the present situation in Mexico, Americans are given a chance to see their country as at least some people in other countries see it.

TAMMANY VERSUS THE PEOPLE

If organizations were judged by their deeds, as individual men are, and according to the moral standards by which individual men are measured, Tammany Hall would not have had its history of power. Our readers need only to refer to the article by Mr. Everett P. Wheeler in The Outlook for September 13 to ascertain what the character of that organization has been. In a letter printed on another page, Mr. Verplanck raises the objection to Mr. Wheeler's article that it does not fairly represent Tammany; and he asks: "If Tammany were such a body as Mr. Wheeler paints it, would New York have tolerated it all these years?" The fact is that New York has tolerated it at times when it was even more obviously corrupt and arrogant than at present. The reason is found in the fact we have suggested: that organizations are not—as they ought to be—held accountable as individuals are.

Another side of this truth is that men are willing to do jointly what they would never dream of doing individually. A board of directors will insist on methods of business which individual members of those boards would not for a moment follow.

This is the explanation of the fact that, on the one hand, Tammany mayors have not been as bad as Tammany itself; and of the fact that, on the other hand, in its worst state Tammany has had members who have, in the words of Mr. Verplanck, been "men of high principles and agreeable and profitable companions."

To attack Tammany and condemn it roundly as a disgrace to American politics, a corrupter of the heart of a great city, and the most hostile influence to civil liberty to be found in any self-governing people, is not to attack and denounce every member of Tammany Hall. Conversely, no amount of evidence showing that the Society of Tammany

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has afforded relief to indigent members, that it has included in its membership men of good repute, and that it has even at times advocated measures or policies of popular benefit, throws any light upon the real character and influence of Tammany Hall as a political organization.

The issue in New York City to-day has become clearly an issue between Tammany Hall and the rest of the city. The very fact that citizens of New York, without regard to party politics, and against the influence of some of the strongest prejudices that sometimes govern human conduct, have joined against Tammany as a common enemy, is of itself sufficient moral judgment on that organization. Nothing but a moral judgment would so unite the diverse elements that are in the Fusion movement.

The issue in New York is therefore not one of personalities. The question whether Mr. Mitchel, the Fusion candidate, or Mr. McCall, the Tammany candidate, is the more experienced administrator is a minor question.

Happily in this instance it is the Fusion candidate who has the greater experience in the administration of municipal affairs. Mr. McCall, the Tammany candidate, was a lawyer and a judge until he was appointed a member of one of the Public Service Commissions. Mr. Mitchel, on the other hand, has been in turn Commissioner of Accounts, in which capacity he was constantly investigating the administrative work of the city departments; President of the Board of Aldermen, with a seat in the chief governing body of the city, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment; Acting Mayor for a time, during which he gave evidence of his executive ability in "cleaning up" Coney Island; and now is Collector of the Port of New York, in charge of one of the most important administrative offices in the Federal service.

But apart from and immeasurably more important than this comparison of personal ability and experience is the consideration of what these two men represent. One, Mr. McCall, represents the organization which has been responsible for every era of corrupt rule in the history of the city. Tammany Hall is not only the organization of Tweed and Fernando Wood and "Honest" John Kelly, but the organization of Devery, Van Wyck, Croker, and Murphy. This is the Tammany whose candidate Mr. McCall is. The other candidate, Mr. Mitchel, represents the whole body of those who are in revolt against that organization of oligarchs.

Whoever wishes to learn the truth about Tammany Hall does not need to sit back in his arm-chair and think over the respectable names that may be included in its roster. Let him ask those who have been fighting against the tenement-house evil in New York, against the perpetuation of those dark cells which have stunted little children by denying them light and air, and have infected with tuberculosis those who had nowhere else to live. Let him ask from what organization have come the proposals to weaken the tenement-house law in order that there may be less air and less light and less decent conditions for the people, and more money for a favored few. Let him ask this of such men as Jacob Riis. Whoever wants to find out the truth about Tammany, let him ask those who have been fighting corruption in the Police Department. Let him ask them where the center and source of that corruption is to be found. Let him ask with what society are those affiliated who get the money that goes "higher up." Let him ask those who have been trying to secure direct primaries in the State what organization has been the most skillful, adroit, dogged foe of every plan really to give the people power to control the nominations for public office. Let him ask those who have been working for real "home rule" in the cities of the State from what single local political organization measures inimical to real home rule have most often emanated. So let him ask those who have sought to ferret out graft, to promote efficiency, to protect the public interest against exploitation, to free the city from the incubus of laws passed to protect private privilege at the expense of the people of the city, to restrict the activities of gunmen and extend the wholesome activities of playing children, to make the streets of the city cleaner and safer—let him ask them in what society they would look to find the source of the most persistent opposition.

One need only to ask such questions of those who know to understand why it is that Tammany is fighting on one side and the rest of the city is arrayed against it on the other. The struggle in New York, as has been the case in many American cities, is one that concerns common honesty. It is an instance of the fact that too long have we in America had to postpone the public debate over great questions of municipal policy because such organi-

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zations as Tammany Hall have forced the people to fight over questions of sheer inefficiency, cupidity, and corruption.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON THE UNSEEN WORLD

The New York "Times," in its Sunday supplement for September 14, published in full Sir Oliver Lodge's presidential address delivered the week previous before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It is much more than a confession of his faith in immortality and a statement of the grounds on which that faith is based. It is a scientist's definition of the domain of science. Any statement of the substance of this address in two or three columns must be inade quate; we hope not to make it unjust.

Science has to do with the laws of the material universe: Thus, physiology deals with the physical and chemical processes of animal life. But to say that these processes are caused by vital force is essentially unscientific, for science knows nothing of this "undefined vital force." "It is a true instinct which resents the mediæval practice of introducing spiritual and unknown causes into working science, . . . as when anything is called an act of God, and when no more is said. The occurrence is left unexplained. As an ultimate statement such a phrase may be not only true but universal in its application. But there are always proximate explanations which may be looked for and discovered with patience. . . . No ultimate explanation is ever attained by science; proximate explanations only. They are what it exists for, and it is the business of scientific men to seek them."

"A living thing obeys the laws of physics, like everything else; but undoubtedly it initiates processes and produces results that without it could not have occurred. . . . The behavior of a ship firing shot and shell is applicable in terms of energy, but the discrimination which it exercises between friend and foe is not so applicable." "No mathematician could calculate the orbit of a common house-fly." "Life introduces something incalculable and purposeful amid the laws of physics; it then distinctly supplements those laws, though it leaves them otherwise precisely as they were and obeys them all. . . . Many laboratory conversions take place under the guidance of life, and but for the experimenter would not have occurred."

The scientist says, "I detect nothing in the organism but the laws of chemistry and physics." Naturally. That is what he is after. But life itself—life and mind and consciousness he is not studying. "Materialism is appropriate to the material world; not as a philosophy, but as a working creed. . . . Everything beyond that belongs to another region and must be reached by other methods." Scientists "can formulate our processes of digestion and the material concomitants of willing, of sensation, of thinking; but the hidden guiding entities they do not touch." "If any philosopher tells you that you do not exist, or that the external world does not exist, or that you are an automaton without free will, that all your actions are determined by outside causes, and that you are not responsible—or that a body cannot move out of its place, or that Achilles cannot catch a tortoise—then in all these cases appeal must be made to twelve average men, unsophisticated by special studies. . . . The process of seeing the plain man does not understand; he does not recognize that it is a method of ethereal telegraphy; he knows nothing of ether and its ripples, nor of the retina and its rods and cones, nor of brain and nerve processes; but he sees and he hears and he touches, and he wills and he thinks and is conscious. This is not an appeal to the mob as against the philosopher; it is the appeal to the experience of untold ages as against the studies of a generation."

We do not see life and mind. They are not detected in the laboratory. But we can detect the guidance by mind of purely material processes carried on by purely material forces:

> Suppose an outside observer could see all the events occurring in the world, save only that he could not see animals or men. He would describe what he saw much as we have to describe the activities initiated by life. If he looked at the Firth of Forth, for instance, he would see piers arising in the water, beginning to sprout, reaching across in strange manner till they actually join or are joined by pieces attracted up from below to complete the circuit (a solid circuit round the current). He would see a sort of bridge or filament thus constructed from one shore to the other, and across this bridge insect-like things are crawling and returning for no very obvious reason.

Parallel to this description by Sir Oliver Lodge of bridge-building directed by the mind of man is Professor Huxley's famous description of the growth of a salamander or newt from the egg, closing with the statement

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that, "after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work."

Why almost? Why not frankly accept the notion of artist and design, and regard it as well established in the one case as in the others?

Life, then—this is the conclusion to which Sir Oliver Lodge would conduct us—is more than the forces which it employs. "Our studies do not exhaust the universe; and if we dogmatize in a negative direction, and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants, and are falling far short of the richness and fullness of our natural birthright." This much is clear. Materialism neither explains the phenomena of nature as we observe them nor the phenomena of consciousness as we experience them. It only explains the tools which life and mind use. The fact that science cannot enter this invisible domain affords no reason for denying its existence. "To deny the existence of any other region because we have no sense organ for its appreciation, or because (like the ether) it is too uniformly omnipresent for our ken, is to wrest our advantages and privileges from their proper use and apply them to our own misdirection." Sir Oliver Lodge, however, believes that this "psychic region" can be studied and brought under law. "Allow us, anyhow, to make the attempt. Give us a fair field. Let those who prefer the materialistic hypothesis by all means develop their thesis as far as they can; but let us try what we can do in the psychic field and see which wins. Our methods are really the same as theirs—the subject matter differs. Neither should abuse the other for making the attempt."

This is eminently fair. The spirit which assumes that there is no spiritual existence beyond and above the material, and scoffs at all attempts to investigate the question, is not a scientific spirit. Such dogmatism is quite as unscientific in a professed scientist as in a professed theologian. Sir Oliver Lodge adds his own personal conviction that enough has already been established by psychic investigations "to convince me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death."

We have only to add to this condensed report of Sir Oliver Lodge's remarkable address that it comes as a re-enforcement of the spiritual philosophy of James, Bergson, Eucken, and Boutroux, from a scientist of acknowledged standing; one who has been knighted for his scientific attainments, who has been successively elected to scientific chairs in three British colleges, is now the Principal of a British university—the University of Birmingham—and is the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which stands second only to the older Royal Association for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge.

THE YOUNG WORLD

One sometimes hears the phrase, "He is beginning to take the old man's view of things." It is not a pleasant phrase; but it stands for a fact in the lives of many people. What is the old man's view? It is the view of one who has ceased to grow, whose ideas have all crystallized, the sutures of whose brain, so to speak, have closed, who is no longer accessible to the teaching of new experience. There are old men and women of whom this is never true. The physicians say that old age is not a matter of years, but of the condition of the arteries; that a man may be old at forty or young at eighty. Age is largely a matter of loss of interest; of the closing of the mind. This may take place very early in life. There are men who in their youth are so old that their emotions no longer respond to any appeal from without; for them the morning has already passed into noonday. When Dumas the elder was asked how he grew old so gracefully, he made the memorable reply, "Madame, I give all my time to it."

Now time is really duration made significant by experience. Some men live in duration only; they do not attain the dignity of living in time. A man who can give all his time to growing old will not grow old. That is to say, life will never lose its interest because experiences will never cease to touch him; because the wonderful procession of things will always be passing in front of him, and he will stand at the window with unabated curiosity until his eyes are closed by what we in our ignorance call death.

The wise Goethe, who saw so many things clearly, said, "Youth develops itself anew by being brought into contact with youth;" and

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this is one of the secrets of keeping young. Life is not a matter of accumulated investments; it is a matter of daily dividends. He who accumulates a great amount of experience and then attempts to retire from the business of living finds himself impoverished. It is only by being actively engaged in living that we live. This does not mean that a man's hands shall always be busy, or that a woman's feet shall always be running on errands of practical efficiency; but it does mean that the mind shall be kept open, the sympathies kept fresh, the heart sensitive to all the appeal which humanity always makes to those who can listen. The old lady who picked out material for a gown light blue in color and received the suggestion from the saleswoman that black or brown would be more becoming to an old person, and who instantly responded, "Certainly, I never shall wear anything else when I am old," was better than a philosopher: she was a growing human being. She had kept the fountain in her nature flowing; and it is the overflow of this fountain which keeps life fresh and fertile. When that fountain is sealed, the whole earth goes barren. Old age is far more a matter of choice than most people realize. Setting aside those infirmities which sometimes disable, growing old is largely a matter of habit. It involves more or less restriction of bodily activity, more or less diminution of bodily energy; it may involve diminished vigor of mental action; but it need not involve decline of the vitality and joy of the intellectual life. Even when Emerson's memory became uncertain, and his mind became in that sense clouded, his thoughts were as beautiful and as characteristic as they had been in his youth. The machinery was somewhat impaired, but the quality, the immortal freshness of the man, remained untouched. To keep young one must associate with youth; and youth is expressed, not merely in people, but in ideas, in interests, in occupations. There is youth in a collection of books, in a garden, in nature, in friendship. The whole world is charged with youth; old age, like death, is merely incidental.

A PRINCE-SCIENTIST

THE Prince of Monaco, whose portrait is published elsewhere in this issue, has lately visited this country on his sea-going steam yacht Hirondelle. Monaco is the smallest principality of independent sovereignty in Europe. It has an area of about eight square miles, and the Prince is an absolute ruler, as there is no parliament, the Prince simply being advised by a small Council of State, the members of which are appointed by himself.

In the popular mind the Prince of Monaco is associated, of course, with Monte Carlo, which is situated within the boundaries of his principality, and few people think of him in connection with hard and long-continued scientific work. As a matter of fact, however, he is primarily an investigating naturalist. The income of the principality out of which the total expenses of the government are paid, including those of its religious and charitable activities, is derived from a concession to a gaming resort granted fifty years ago. The moral scruples which most Americans would feel about deriving the income of a country from such a source are quite apart from one's judgment as to such scientific work as the Prince is doing. As an indication of the extent to which standards have changed even in this country the facts are worth remembering that at least one dormitory in Harvard was built in the eighteenth century by means of a lottery, and that Union College received a large part of its original endowment from a lottery; and these facts, of course, do not, and ought not to, prevent any one from profiting by the education that Union and Harvard afford. It is in fact only comparatively recently that the United States succeeded in putting on the lottery the stamp of illegality. Few scientific men have done more work in a single field than the Prince of Monaco has done in exploring the depths of the ocean. Publications in English have given too little attention to his work, but he has already published in French thirty or forty large, beautifully illustrated folio volumes embodying the results of many years of work in the deep sea. The material which he is accumulating in his deep-sea dredging and exploration is likely to be studied and discussed by scientific men of all countries scores of years after he is dead.

His investigations have raised scientific

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problems of great interest and importance. Take, for example, the single fact that fish brought up in a closed dredge from depths of two or three miles have perfect, well-developed, and evidently useful eyes. Light never reaches those depths. Indeed, there is not light enough to affect a photographic plate at one-fifth that distance below the surface. The bottom of the ocean is an abyss of darkness. Of what use are the eyes, and how did they come into existence in such an environment?

The Prince's investigations furnish a possible answer to this question, but the answer raises other questions of even greater difficulty. He finds that fish whose natural habitat seems to be the bottom of the ocean at a depth of two miles come up at times to the surface, or near it, where their eyes are useful. The question is at once raised, How are they able to adjust themselves to the enormous change in pressure? At the bottom the weight of the water is approximately 800 atmospheres, or 1,200 pounds to the square inch. Near the surface where the fish come and where their eyes are useful it is approximately three atmospheres, or 45 pounds to the square inch. How can the fish that is normally accustomed to a pressure of 1,200 pounds to the square inch adjust himself in a few hours to a pressure of only 45 pounds to the square inch? And yet he certainly does so, because those same bottom-fish, living normally at a depth of two miles, are taken at certain definite and ascertainable times only a few hundred feet below the surface.

But that is not the most extraordinary feature of the problem. The deep-sea fish come near the surface only at night, making a vertical migration of 10,000 or 12,000 feet back and forth presumably every day. The Prince says that if a net is sunk to a depth of 1,200 feet you can never catch these bottom-fish in the daytime, but at night with the same net and at the same depth you do get them. Why do they make this vertical migration, and why do they come near the surface only at night, returning to the depth of the ocean in the daytime? The Prince's conjectural explanation is this: These fish are all light-bearers—that is, they have organs for producing what we call the light of phosphorescence. Some of these organs are of great perfection, having even reflectors and apparatus for producing, extinguishing, and changing the color of the lights at the will of the fish. The purpose of the illumination is supposed to be the attraction of prey.

One fish, which the Prince showed a member of The Outlook staff and which was preserved in a glass jar, had a long, slender, rod-like proboscis projecting from the upper jaw, with a lantern at the end of it just in front of the mouth. The purpose of this arrangement was obvious. Another, an eel-like fish, had two rows of red lights along its sides, with contrivances for extinguishing any or all of them at will. These the Prince described as "winking lights."

His theory is that these illuminated fish live normally at the bottom, but come up to the surface only to seek their food. They rise only at night because the lantern with which they lure their prey becomes visible and attractive only in semi-darkness. If this be true (the Prince gives it only as plausible conjecture), the question presents itself, How do these fish, living normally in total darkness a mile or two below the surface, know when day ends and night comes? Are there "ultra" rays of the solar spectrum, to us invisible, which penetrate the water to a great depth, or has the fish some means of measuring time so that he can come up at regular nightly intervals?

These and many other questions raised by the Prince's research are at present unanswerable; but they may involve natural laws of which we are wholly ignorant—laws which might perhaps be made to serve practical and useful purposes in the terrestrial environment of man.

A reader of The Outlook who has met the Prince during his present visit and discussed some of these scientific problems with him describes his personality in a letter, as follows: "I find him to be an agreeable, cultivated man about sixty-five years of age, with a strong but plain face, and the simple, unostentatious behavior of a scholar or scientific man, who has had cosmopolitan experience, but who shows no consciousness whatever of his wealth or position, and no signs of belonging to any particular nationality. He speaks English perfectly, as well as three or four other languages, and it would be difficult at first sight to place him with certainty in any European group. He might be a Frenchman, a German, or an Englishman; but one would not take him for a ruler in any country, on account of his democratic simplicity and his complete lack of egotism and self-consciousness."

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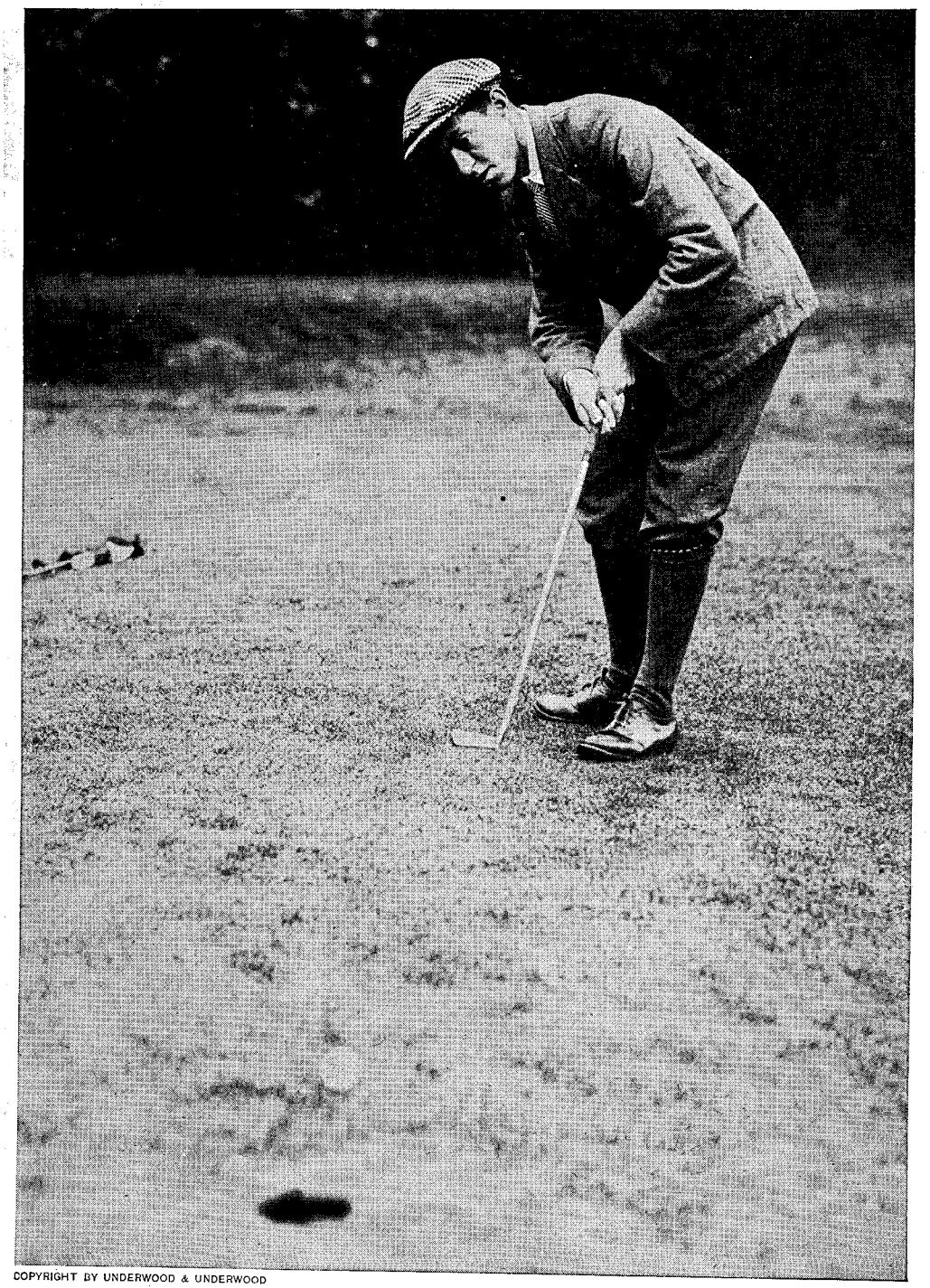
Current Events Pictorially Treated

See editorial pages for comment on this new feature



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A CRITICAL SHOT BY THE NEW GOLF CHAMPION

Francis Ouimet, amateur golf player, whose recent victory, described in this number of The Outlook, over Vardon and Ray, the British professionals, made him open golf champion of America

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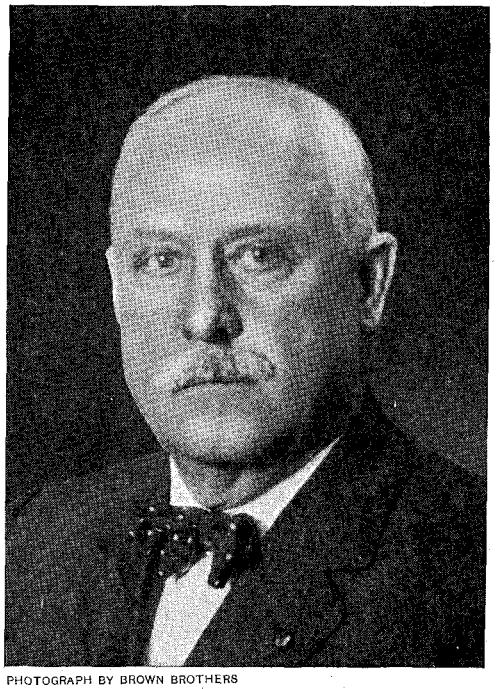
JOHN PURROY MITCHEL
Fusion Candidate for Mayor of New York

EDWARD E. McCALL
Tammany Candidate for Mayor of New York

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS

CHARLES E. RUSSELL
Socialist Candidate for Mayor of New York



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

ARDOLPH L. KLINE
Present Mayor of New York

THE MAYORALTY SITUATION IN NEW YORK

The Outlook discusses the New York City political contest this week

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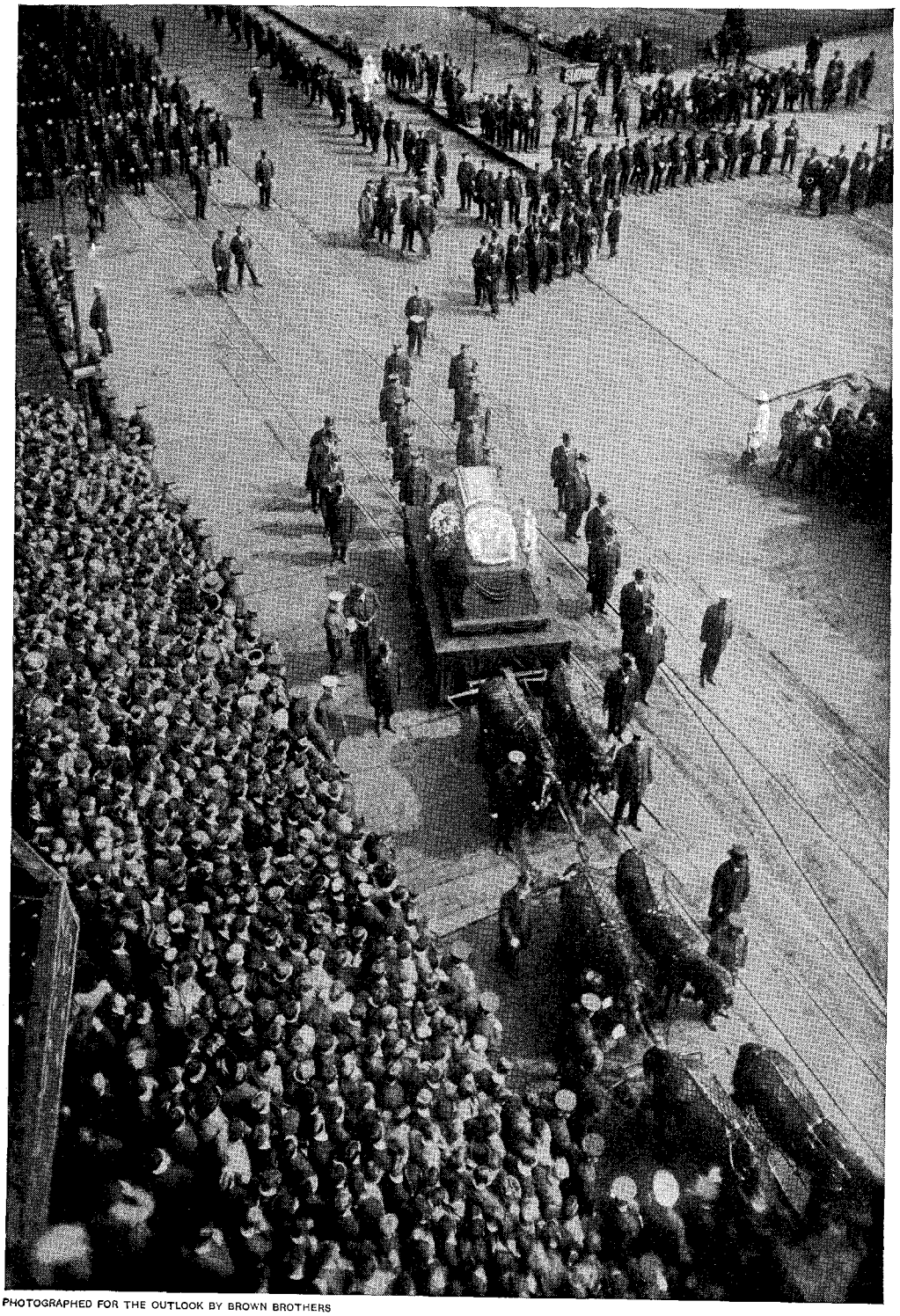

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY BROWN BROTHERS

MAYOR GAYNOR'S FUNERAL

The procession leaving the City Hall and turning into Broadway on its way to Trinity Church

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PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

THE START FOR THE COUGAR HUNT

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

A HALT WITH THE PACK TRAIN

MR. ROOSEVELT IN ARIZONA

Mr. Roosevelt's first article describing his recent hunting trip will be found in this issue of The Outlook

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

ALICE GEUBEL DE LA RUELLE

A distinguished woman lawyer of France, whose article on "La Femme Arrivée" will be found in this issue of The Outlook

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JOSEPH LINDON SMITH AS QUERCUS THE FAUN AND PERCY MACKAYE AS ALWYN THE POET

THE BIRD MASQUE AT MERIDEN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Described elsewhere in this issue

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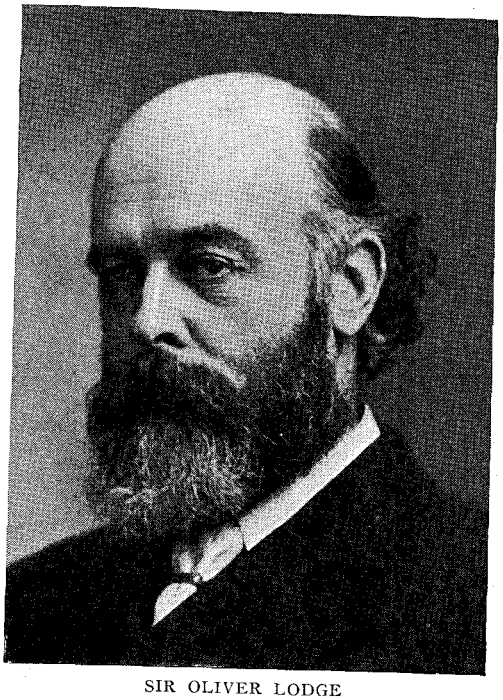

SIR OLIVER LODGE

President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science

MME. MARIE CURIE

Introduced by Sir Oliver Lodge at the recent meeting of the British Association as "the greatest woman of science of all times"

THE PRINCE OF MONACO (AT THE LEFT) IN HIS LABORATORY

An account of the Prince of Monaco and his work appears on another page

PROMINENT EUROPEAN SCIENTISTS

Who are at present attracting special attention

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AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE MEXICAN SITUATION

From London "Punch"

President Woodrow Wilson, U. S. A. "If you don't take care, I shall have to treat you the same way as Europe treats the Turk."

Mexico. "And how's that?"

President Woodrow Wilson. "Well, I shall have to—to go on wagging my finger at you."

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A COUGAR HUNT ON THE RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This is the first of three articles by Mr. Roosevelt about his Arizona experiences last summer. It will be followed in the next two issues of The Outlook by articles entitled "Across the Navajo Desert" and "The Hopi Snake Dance." Two pictures illustrating the present article will be found in this issue, in the department "Current Events Pictorially Treated."—THE EDITORS.

ON July 14, 1913, our party gathered at the comfortable El Tovar Hotel, on the edge of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and therefore overlooking the most wonderful scenery in the world. The moon was full. Dim, vast, mysterious, the canyon lay in the shimmering radiance. To all else that is strange and beautiful in nature the canyon stands as Karnak and Baalbec, seen by moonlight, stand to all other ruined temples and palaces of the bygone ages.

With me were my two younger sons, aged nineteen and fifteen respectively, and a cousin of theirs aged twenty. The cousin had driven our horses, and what outfit we did not ourselves carry, from southern Arizona to the north side of the canyon, and had then crossed the canyon to meet us. The youngest one of the three had not before been on such a trip as that we intended to take; but the two elder boys, for their good fortune, had formerly been at the Evans School in Mesa, Arizona, and among the by-products of their education was a practical and working familiarity with ranch life and with traveling through the desert and on the mountains. Jesse Cummings, of Mesa, was along to act as cook, packer, and horse-wrangler, helped in all three branches by the two elder boys; he was a Kentuckian by birth, and a better man for our trip and a stancher friend could not have been found.

On the 15th we went down to the bottom of the canyon. There we were to have been met by our outfit with two men whom we had engaged; but they never turned up, and we should have been in a bad way had not Mr. Stevenson, of the Bar Z Cattle Company, come down the trail behind us, while the foreman of the Bar Z, Mr. Mansfield, appeared to meet him, on the opposite side of the rushing, muddy torrent of the Colorado. Mansfield worked us across on the trolley which spans the river; and then we joined in and worked Stevenson, and some friends he had with him, across. Among us all we had food enough for dinner and for a light breakfast, and we had our bedding. With characteristic cattleman's generosity, our new friends turned over to us two pack-mules, which could carry our bedding and the like, and two spare saddle-horses—both the mules and the spare saddle-horses having been brought down by Mansfield because of a lucky mistake as to the number of men he was to meet.

Mansfield was a representative of the best type of old-style ranch foreman. It is a hard climb out of the canyon on the north side, and Mansfield was bound that we should have an early start. He was up at half-past one in the morning; we breakfasted on a few spoonfuls of mush; packed the mules and saddled the horses; and then in the sultry darkness, which in spite of the moon filled the bottom of the stupendous gorge, we started up the Bright Angel trail. Cummings and the two elder boys walked; the rest of us were on horseback. The trail crossed and recrossed the rapid brook, and for rods at a time went up its boulder-filled bed; groping and stumbling, we made our blind way along it; and over an hour passed before the first grayness of the dawn faintly lighted our footsteps.

At last we left the stream bed, and the trail climbed the sheer slopes and zigzagged upwards through the breaks in the cliff walls. At one place the Bar Z men showed us where one of their pack animals had lost his footing and fallen down the mountain side a year previously. It was eight hours before we topped the rim and came out on the high, wooded, broken plateau which at this part of its course forms the northern barrier of the deep-sunk Colorado River. Three or four miles farther on we found the men who were to have met us; they were two days behindhand, so we told them we would not need them, and reclaimed what horses, provisions, and other outfit were ours. With Cummings and the two elder boys we were quite competent to take care of ourselves

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under all circumstances, and extra men, tents, and provisions merely represented a slight, and dispensable, increase in convenience and comfort.

As it turned out, there was no loss even of comfort. We went straight to the cabin of the game warden, Uncle Jim Owens; and he instantly accepted us as his guests, treated us as such, and accompanied us throughout our fortnight's stay north of the river. A kinder host and better companion in a wild country could not be found. Through him we hired a very good fellow, a mining prospector, who stayed with us until we crossed the Colorado at Lee's Ferry. He was originally a New York State man, who had grown up in Montana, and had prospected through the mountains from the Athabaska River to the Mexican boundary. Uncle Jim was a Texan, born at San Antonio, and raised in the Panhandle, on the Goodnight ranch. In his youth he had seen the thronging myriads of bison, and taken part in the rough life of the border, the life of the cowmen, the buffalo hunters, and the Indian fighters. He was by instinct a man of the right kind in all relations; and he early hailed with delight the growth of the movement among our people to put a stop to the senseless and wanton destruction of our wild life. Together with his—and my—friend Buffalo Jones, he had worked for the preservation of the scattered bands of bison; he was keenly interested not only in the preservation of the forests but in the preservation of the game. He had been two years buffalo warden in the Yellowstone National Park. Then he had come to the Colorado National Forest Reserve and the Game Reserve, where he had been game warden for over six years at the time of our trip. He has given a zealous and efficient service to the people as a whole; for which, by the way, his salary has been an inadequate return. One important feature of his work is to keep down the larger beasts and birds of prey, the arch-enemies of the deer, mountain sheep, and grouse; and the most formidable among these foes of the harmless wild life are the cougars. At the time of our visit he owned five hounds, which he had trained especially, as far as his manifold duties gave him the time, to the chase of cougars and bobcats. Coyotes were plentiful, and he shot these wherever the chance offered; but coyotes are best kept down by poison, and poison cannot be used where any man is keeping the hounds with which alone it is possible effectively to handle the cougars.

At this point the Colorado, in its deep gulf, bends south, then west, then north, and incloses on three sides the high plateau which is the heart of the forest and game reserve. It was on this plateau, locally known as Buckskin Mountain, that we spent the next fortnight. The altitude is from eight thousand to nearly ten thousand feet, and the climate is that of the far north. Spring does not come until June; the snow lies deep for seven months. We were there in midsummer, but the thermometer went down at night to 36, 34, and once to 33 degrees Fahrenheit; there was hoarfrost in the mornings. Sound was our sleep under our blankets, in the open, or under a shelf of rock, or beneath a tent, or most often under a thickly leaved tree. Throughout the day the air was cool and bracing.

Although we reached the plateau in mid-July, the spring was but just coming to an end. Silver-voiced Rocky Mountain hermit thrushes chanted divinely from the deep woods. There were multitudes of flowers, of which, alas! I know only a very few, and these by their vernacular names; for as yet there is no such handbook for the flowers of the southern Rocky Mountains as, thanks to Mrs. Frances Dana, we have for those of the Eastern States, and, thanks to Miss Mary Elizabeth Parsons, for those of California. The sego lilies, looking like very handsome Eastern trilliums, were as plentiful as they were beautiful; and there were the striking Indian paintbrushes, fragrant purple locust blooms, the blossoms of that strange bush the plumed acacia, delicately beautiful white columbines, bluebells, great sheets of blue lupin, and the tall, crowded spikes of the brilliant red bell—and innumerable others. The rainfall is light and the ground porous; springs are few, and brooks wanting; but the trees are handsome. In a few places the forest is dense; in most places it is sufficiently open to allow a mountain horse to twist in and out among the tree-trunks at a smart canter. The tall yellow pines are everywhere; the erect spires of the mountain spruce and of the blue-tipped Western balsam shoot up around their taller cousins, and the quaking asps, the aspens with their ever-quivering leaves and glimmering white boles, are scattered among and beneath the conifers, or stand in groves by themselves. Blue grouse were plentiful—having increased

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greatly, partly because of the war waged by Uncle Jim against their foes the great horned owls; and among the numerous birds were long-crested dark blue jays, pinyon jays, doves, band-tailed pigeons, golden-winged flickers, chickadees, juncos, mountain bluebirds, thistle finches, and Louisiana tanagers. A very handsome cock tanager, the orange yellow of its plumage dashed with red on the head and throat, flew familiarly round Uncle Jim's cabin, and spent most of its time foraging in the grass. Once three birds flew by which I am convinced were the strange and interesting evening grosbeaks. Chipmunks and white-footed mice lived in the cabin, the former very bold and friendly; in fact, the chipmunks, of several species, were everywhere; and there were gophers or rock squirrels, and small tree squirrels, like the Eastern chickarees, and big tree squirrels—the handsomest squirrels I have ever seen—with black bodies and bushy white tails. These last lived in the pines, were diurnal in their habits, and often foraged among the fallen cones on the ground; and they were strikingly conspicuous.

We met, and were most favorably impressed by, the forest supervisor, Mr. Pelton, and some of his rangers. The forest and game reserve is thrown open to grazing, as with all similar reserves. Among the real settlers, the homemakers, of sense and farsightedness, there is a growing belief in the wisdom of the policy of the preservation of the National resources by the National Government. On small, permanent farms, the owner, if reasonably intelligent, will himself preserve his own patrimony; but everywhere the uncontrolled use in common of the public domain has meant reckless, and usually wanton, destruction. All the public domain that is used should be used under strictly supervised governmental lease; that is, the lease system should be applied everywhere substantially as it is now applied in the forest. In every case the small neighboring settlers, the actual homemakers, should be given priority of chance to lease the land in reasonably sized tracts (on the Colorado reserve, I may say as an aside to the experts, this should mean that as, owing to the lack of water, there are very few settlers of "Class A" type, the "Class B" settlers are given priority). Continual efforts are made by demagogues and by unscrupulous agitators to excite hostility to the forest policy of the Government; and needy men who are short-sighted and unscrupulous join in the cry, and play into the hands of the corrupt politicians who do the bidding of the big and selfish exploiters of the public domain. One device of these politicians is through their representatives in Congress to cut down the appropriation for the forest service; and in consequence the administrative heads of the service, in the effort to be economical, are sometimes driven to the expedient of trying to replace the permanently employed experts by short-term men, picked up at haphazard, and hired only for the summer season. This is all wrong: first, because the men thus hired give very inferior service; and, second, because the Government should be a model employer, and should not set a vicious example in hiring men under conditions that tend to create a shifting class of laborers who suffer from all the evils of unsteady employment, varied by long seasons of idleness. At this time the best and most thoughtful farmers are endeavoring to devise means for doing away with the system of employing farm hands in mass for a few months and then discharging them; and the Government should not itself have recourse to this thoroughly pernicious system.

The preservation of game and of wild life generally—aside from the noxious species—on these reserves is of incalculable benefit to the people as a whole. As the game increases in these National refuges and nurseries it overflows into the surrounding country. Very wealthy men can have private game preserves of their own. But the average man of small or moderate means can enjoy the vigorous pastime of the chase, and indeed can enjoy wild nature, only if there are good general laws, properly enforced, for the preservation of the game and wild life, and if, furthermore, there are big parks or reserves provided for the use of all our people, like those of the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, and the Colorado.

A small herd of bison has been brought to the reserve; it is slowly increasing. It is privately owned, one-third of the ownership being in Uncle Jim, who handles the herd. The Government should immediately buy this herd. Everything should be done to increase the number of bison on the public reservations.

The chief game animal of the Colorado Canyon reserve is the Rocky Mountain blacktail, or mule, deer. The deer have increased greatly in numbers since the reserve was created, partly because of the stopping of

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hunting by men, and even more because of the killing off of the cougars. The high plateau is their summer range; in the winter the bitter cold and driving snow send them and the cattle, as well as the bands of wild horses, to the lower desert country. For some cause, perhaps the limestone soil, their antlers are unusually stout and large. We found the deer tame and plentiful, and as we rode or walked through the forest we continually came across them—now a doe with her fawn, now a party of does and fawns, or a single buck, or a party of bucks. The antlers were still in the velvet. Does would stand and watch us go by within fifty or a hundred yards, their big ears thrown forward; while the fawns stayed hid near by. Sometimes we roused the pretty spotted fawns, and watched them dart away, the embodiments of delicate grace. One buck, when a hound chased it, refused to run and promptly stood at bay; another buck jumped and capered, and also refused to run, as we passed at but a few yards' distance. One of the most beautiful sights I ever saw was on this trip. We were slowly riding through the open pine forest when we came on a party of seven bucks. Four were yearlings or two-year-olds; but three were mighty master bucks, and their velvet-clad antlers made them look as if they had rocking-chairs on their heads. Stately of port and bearing, they walked a few steps at a time, or stood at gaze on the carpet of brown needles strewn with cones; on their red coats the flecked and broken sun rays played; and as we watched them, down the aisles of tall tree-trunks the odorous breath of the pines blew in our faces.

The deadly enemies of the deer are the cougars. They had been very plentiful all over the tableland until Uncle Jim thinned them out, killing between two and three hundred. Usually their lairs are made in the well-nigh inaccessible ruggedness of the canyon itself. Those which dwelt in the open forest were soon killed off. Along the part of the canyon where we hunted there was usually an upper wall of sheer white cliffs; then came a very steep slope covered by a thick scrub of dwarf oak and locust, with an occasional pinyon or pine; and then another and deeper wall of vermilion cliffs. It was along this intermediate slope that the cougars usually passed the day. At night they came up through some gorge or break in the cliff and rambled through the forests and along the rim after the deer. They are the most successful of all still-hunters, killing deer much more easily than a wolf can; and those we killed were very fat.

Cougars are strange and interesting creatures. They are among the most successful and to their prey the most formidable beasts of rapine in the world. Yet when themselves attacked they are the least dangerous of all beasts of prey, except hyenas. Their every movement is so lithe and stealthy, they move with such sinuous and noiseless caution, and are such past-masters in the art of concealment, that they are hardly ever seen unless roused by dogs. In the wilds they occasionally kill wapiti, and often bighorn sheep and white goats; but their favorite prey is the deer.

Among domestic animals, while they at times kill all, including, occasionally, horned cattle, they are especially destructive to horses. Among the first bands of horses brought to this plateau there were some of which the cougars killed every foal. The big males attacked full-grown horses. Uncle Jim had killed one big male which had killed a large draught-horse, and another which had killed two saddle-horses and a pack-mule, although the mule had a bell on its neck, which it was mistakenly supposed would keep the cougar away. We saw the skeleton of one of the saddle-horses. It was killed when snow was on the ground, and when Uncle Jim first saw the carcass the marks of the struggle were plain. The cougar sprang on its neck, holding the face with the claws of one paw, while his fangs tore at the back of the neck, just at the base of the skull; the other fore paw was on the other side of the neck, and the hind claws tore the withers and one shoulder and flank. The horse struggled thirty yards or so before he fell, and never rose again. The draught-horse was seized in similar fashion. It went but twenty yards before falling; then in the snow could be seen the marks where it had struggled madly on its side, plunging in a circle, and the marks of the hind feet of the cougar in an outside circle, while the fangs and fore talons of the great cat never ceased tearing the prey. In this case the fore claws so ripped and tore the neck and throat that it was doubtful whether they, and not the teeth, had not given the fatal wounds.

We came across the bodies of a number of deer that had been killed by cougars. Generally the remains were in such condition

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that we could not see how the killing had been done. In one or two cases the carcasses were sufficiently fresh for us to examine them carefully. One doe had claw marks on her face, but no fang marks on the head or neck; apparently the neck had been broken by her own plunging fall; then the cougar had bitten a hole in the flank and eaten part of one haunch; but it had not disemboweled its prey, as an African lion would have done. Another deer, a buck, was seized in similar manner; but the death wound was inflicted with the teeth, in singular fashion, a great hole being torn into the chest, where the neck joins the shoulder. Evidently there is no settled and invariable method of killing. We saw no signs of any cougar being injured in the struggle; the prey was always seized suddenly and by surprise, and in such fashion that it could make no counter-attack.

Few African leopards would attack such quarry as the big male cougars do. Yet the leopard sometimes preys on man, and it is the boldest and most formidable of fighters when brought to bay. The cougar, on the contrary, is the least dangerous to man of all the big cats. There are authentic instances of its attacking man; but they are not merely rare but so wholly exceptional that in practice they can be entirely disregarded. There is no more need of being frightened when sleeping in, or wandering after nightfall through, a forest infested by cougars than if they were so many tom-cats. Moreover, when itself assailed by either dogs or men the cougar makes no aggressive fight. It will stay in a tree for hours, kept there by a single dog which it could kill at once if it had the heart—and this although if hungry it will itself attack and kill any dog, and on occasions even a big wolf. If the dogs—or men—come within a few feet, it will inflict formidable wounds with its claws and teeth, the former being used to hold the assailant while the latter inflict the fatal bite. But it fights purely on the defensive, whereas the leopard readily assumes the offensive and often charges, at headlong, racing speed, from a distance of fifty or sixty yards. It is absolutely safe to walk up to within ten yards of a cougar at bay, whether wounded or unwounded, and to shoot it at leisure.

Cougars are solitary beasts. When full grown the females outnumber the males about three to one; and the sexes stay together for only a few days at mating time. The female rears her kittens alone, usually in some cave; the male would be apt to kill them if he could get at them. The young are playful. Uncle Jim once brought back to his cabin a young cougar, two or three months old. At the time he had a hound puppy named Pot—he was an old dog, the most dependable in the pack, when we made our hunt. Pot had lost his mother; Uncle Jim was raising him on canned milk, and, as it was winter, kept him at night in a German sock. The young cougar speedily accepted Pot as a playmate, to be enjoyed and tyrannized over. The two would lap out of the same dish; but when the milk was nearly lapped up, the cougar would put one paw on Pot's face, and hold him firmly while it finished the dish itself. Then it would seize Pot in its fore paws and toss him up, catching him again; while Pot would occasionally howl dismally, for the young cougar had sharp little claws. Finally the cougar would tire of the play, and then it would take Pot by the back of the neck, carry him off, and put him down in his box by the German sock.

When we started on our cougar hunt there were seven of us, with six pack-animals. The latter included one mule, three donkeys—two of them, Ted and Possum, very wise donkeys—and two horses. The saddle-animals included two mules and five horses, one of which solemnly carried a cow-bell. It was a characteristic old-time Western outfit. We met with the customary misadventures of such a trip, chiefly in connection with our animals. At night they were turned loose to feed, most of them with hobbles, some of them with bells. Before dawn, two or three of the party—usually including one, and sometimes both, of the elder boys—were off on foot, through the chilly dew, to bring them in. Usually this was a matter of an hour or two; but once it took a day, and twice it took a half-day. Both breaking camp and making camp, with a pack outfit, take time; and in our case each of the packers, including the two elder boys, used his own hitch—single diamond, squaw hitch, cowman's hitch, miner's hitch, Navajo hitch, as the case might be. As for cooking and washing dishes—why, I wish that the average tourist-sportsman, the city-hunter-with-a-guide, could once in a while have to cook and wash dishes for himself; it would enable him to grasp the reality of things. We were sometimes nearly drowned out by heavy rain-storms. We had

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good food; but the only fresh meat we had was the cougar meat. This was delicious; quite as good as venison. Yet men rarely eat cougar flesh.

Cougars should be hunted when snow is on the ground. It is difficult for hounds to trail them in hot weather, when there is no water and the ground is dry and hard. However, we had to do the best we could; and the frequent rains helped us. On most of the hunting days we rode along the rim of the canyon and through the woods, hour after hour, until the dogs grew tired, or their feet sore, so that we deemed it best to turn towards camp, either striking no trail or a trail so old that the hounds could not puzzle it out. I did not have a rifle, wishing the boys to do the shooting. The two elder boys had tossed up for the first shot, the cousin winning. In cougar hunting the shot is usually much the least interesting and important part of the performance. The credit belongs to the hounds, and to the man who hunts the hounds. Uncle Jim hunted his hounds excellently. He had neither horn nor whip; instead, he threw pebbles, with much accuracy of aim, at any recalcitrant dog—and several showed a tendency to hunt deer or coyote. "They think they know best and needn't obey me unless I have a nosebag full of rocks," observed Uncle Jim.

Twice we had lucky days. On the first occasion we all seven left camp by sunrise with the hounds. We began with an hour's chase after a bobcat, which dodged back and forth over and under the rim rock, and finally escaped along a ledge in the cliff wall. At about eleven we struck a cougar trail of the night before. It was a fine sight to see the hounds running it through the woods in full cry, while we loped after them. After one or two checks, they finally roused the cougar, a big male, from a grove of aspens at the head of a great gorge which broke through the cliffs into the canyon. Down the gorge went the cougar, and then along the slope between the white cliffs and the red; and after some delay in taking the wrong trail, the hounds followed him. The gorge was impassable for horses, and we rode along the rim, looking down into the depths, from which rose the chiming of the hounds. At last a change in the sound showed that they had him treed; and after a while we saw them far below under a pine, across the gorge, and on the upper edge of the vermilion cliff wall. Down we went to them, scrambling and sliding; down a break in the cliffs, round the head of the gorge just before it broke off into a canyon, through the thorny scrub which tore our hands and faces, along the slope where, if a man started rolling, he never would stop until life had left his body. Before we reached him the cougar leaped from the tree and tore off, with his big tail stretched straight as a bar behind him; but a cougar is a short-winded beast, and a couple of hundred yards on, the hounds put him up another tree. Thither we went.

It was a wild sight. The maddened hounds bayed at the foot of the pine. Above them, in the lower branches, stood the big horse-killing cat, the destroyer of the deer, the lord of stealthy murder, facing his doom with a heart both craven and cruel. Almost beneath him the vermilion cliffs fell sheer a thousand feet without a break. Behind him lay the Grand Canyon in its awful and desolate majesty.

The boy shot true. With his neck broken, the cougar fell from the tree, and the body was clutched by Uncle Jim and the other boy before it could roll over the cliff—while I experienced a moment's lively doubt as to whether all three might not slip over. Cautiously we dragged him along the rim to another tree, where we skinned him. Then, after a hard pull out of the canyon, we rejoined the horses; rain came on; and, while the storm pelted against our slickers and down-drawn slouch hats, we rode back to our water-drenched camp.

On our second day of success only three of us went out—Uncle Jim, the other one of the two elder boys, and I myself. Unfortunately, the youngest boy's horse went lame that morning, and he had to stay with the pack train. For two or three hours we rode through the woods and along the rim of the canyon. Then the hounds struck a cold trail and began to puzzle it out. They went slowly along to one of the deep, precipice-hemmed gorges which from time to time break the upper cliff wall of the canyon; and after some busy nose-work they plunged into its depths. We led our horses to the bottom, slipping, sliding, and pitching, and clambered, panting and gasping, up the other side. Then we galloped along the rim. Far below us we could at times hear the hounds. One of them was a bitch, with a squealing voice. The other dogs were under the first cliffs, working out a trail, which was evidently growing fresher. Much farther down we

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could hear the squealing of the bitch, apparently on another trail. However, the trails came together, and the shrill yelps of the bitch were drowned in the deeper-toned chorus of the other hounds, as the fierce intensity of the cry told that the game was at last roused. Soon they had the cougar treed. Like the first, it was in a pine at the foot of the steep slope, just above the vermilion cliff wall. We scrambled down to the beast, a big male, and the boy broke its neck; in such a position it was advisable to kill it outright, as if it struggled at all it was likely to slide over the edge of the cliff and fall a thousand feet sheer.

It was a long way down the slope, with its jungle of dwarf oak and locust, and the climb back, with the skin and flesh of the cougar, would be heartbreaking. So, as there was a break in the cliff line above, Uncle Jim suggested to the boy to try to lead down our riding animals while he, Uncle Jim, skinned the cougar. By the time the skin was off, the boy turned up with our two horses and Uncle Jim's mule—an animal which galloped as freely as a horse. Then the skin and flesh were packed behind his and Uncle Jim's saddles, and we started to lead the three animals up the slope. We had our hands full. The horses and mule could barely make it. Finally the saddles of both the laden animals slipped, and the boy's horse in his fright nearly went over the cliff—it was a favorite horse of his, a black horse from the plains below, with good blood in it, but less at home climbing cliffs than were the mountain horses. On that slope anything that started rolling never stopped unless it went against one of the rare pine or pinyon trees. The horse plunged and reared; the boy clung to its head for dear life, trying to prevent it turning down hill, while Uncle Jim sought to undo the saddle and I clutched the bridle of his mule and of my horse and kept them quiet. Finally the frightened black horse sank on his knees with his head on the boy's lap; the saddle was taken off and promptly rolled down hill fifty or sixty yards before it fetched up against a pinyon; we repacked, and finally reached the top of the rim.

Meanwhile the hounds had again started, and we concluded that the bitch must have been on the trail of a different animal, after all. By the time we were ready to proceed they were out of hearing, and we completely lost track of them. So Uncle Jim started in the direction he deemed it probable they would take, and after a while we were joined by Pot. Evidently the dogs were tired and thirsty and had scattered. In about an hour, as we rode through the open pine forest across hills and valleys, the boy and I caught, very faintly, a far-off baying note. Uncle Jim could not hear it, but we rode towards the spot, and after a time caught the note again. Soon Pot heard it and trotted towards the sound. Then we came over a low hill-crest, and when half-way down we saw a cougar crouched in a pine on the opposite slope, while one of the hounds, named Ranger, uttered at short intervals a husky bay as he kept his solitary vigil at the foot of the tree. The boy insisted that I should shoot, and thrust his rifle into my hand as we galloped down the incline. The cougar, a young and active female, leaped out of the tree and rushed off at a gait that for a moment left both dogs behind; and after her we tore at full speed through the woods and over rocks and logs. A few hundred yards farther on her bolt was shot, and the dogs, and we also, were at her heels. She went up a pine which had no branches for the lower thirty or forty feet. It was interesting to see her climb. Her two fore paws were placed on each side of the stem, and her hind paws against it, all the claws digging into the wood; her body was held as clear of the tree as if she had been walking on the ground, the legs being straight, and she walked or ran up the perpendicular stem with as much daylight between her body and the trunk as there was between her body and the earth when she was on the ground. As she faced us among the branches I could only get a clear shot into her chest where the neck joins the shoulder; down she came, but on the ground she jumped to her feet, ran fifty yards with the dogs at her heels, turned to bay in some fallen timber and dropped dead.

The last days before we left this beautiful holiday region we spent on the tableland called Greenland, which projects into the canyon east of Bright Angel. We were camped by the Dripping Springs, in singular and striking surroundings. A long valley leads south through the tableland; and just as it breaks into a sheer walled chasm which opens into one of the side loops of the great canyon, the trail turns into a natural gallery along the face of the cliff. For a couple of hundred yards a rock shelf a dozen feet wide runs under a rock overhang which often pro-

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jects beyond it. The gallery is in some places twenty feet high; in other places a man on horseback must stoop his head as he rides. Then, at a point where the shelf broadens, the clear spring pools of living water, fed by constant dripping from above, lie on the inner side next to and under the rock wall. A little beyond these pools, with the chasm at our feet, and its opposite wall towering immediately in front of us, we threw down our bedding, and made camp. Darkness fell; the stars were brilliant overhead; the fire of pitchy pine stumps flared; and in the light of the wavering flames the cliff walls and jutting rock momentarily shone with ghastly clearness, and as instantly vanished in utter gloom.

From the southernmost point of this tableland the view of the Canyon left the beholder solemn with the sense of awe. At high noon, under the unveiled sun, every tremendous detail leaped in glory to the sight; yet in hue and shape the change was unceasing from moment to moment. When clouds swept the heavens, vast shadows were cast; but so vast was the canyon that these shadows seemed but patches of gray and purple and umber. The dawn and the evening twilight were brooding mysteries over the dusk of the abyss; night shrouded its immensity, but did not hide it; and to none of the sons of men is it given to tell of the wonder and splendor of sunrise and sunset in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

LA FEMME ARRIVÉE

BY ALICE GEUBEL DE LA RUELLE

The following very interesting human document explains itself. Madame de la Ruelle, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, was the fifth woman to become a lawyer in France, and holds, as her story relates, an important governmental position. She is now visiting the United States, commissioned by the French Government to study our methods of regulating factory labor, and especially the steps that have been taken in the United States for protecting women factory workers and improving their condition. We hope to follow this article with another giving Madame de la Ruelle's impressions of American women in social and industrial life.—THE EDITORS.

"LA FEMME ARRIVÉE" is a product of the modern feminist movement which has brought about the new economical and social status of woman, expressed in this country by the establishment of the woman's college and the opening to women of the professions. By the expression "the woman who has arrived" is not meant ordinarily the woman who has achieved financial success; the term "arrivé" relates more to professional or artistic success and involves public recognition.

The ideal of the previous generation was for a woman to be a wife and a mother, and that made her *une femme arrivée* in a way; but in the sense in which the expression is used to-day it means a woman who has struggled and achieved, not always because she needed to do so to make a livelihood, but often because her spirit rebelled against the limitations set by her position in life and the customs of her social set. She is one who has worked, and achieved, and won success.

I am going to speak plainly about my own aspirations, struggles, and success, because I feel that I have a message for the young girls and untried women of America; I believe that the story of my own struggles and experiences may be of some help to them.

Some years ago I had to choose between being a sort of prisoner in a gilded cage—being fed and housed and expected to move in a certain prescribed circle—and breaking away from this environment and making my own career in life. My mind was made up. I wanted to be free, and I determined to win this freedom. I knew that I had to look for my own food. I had been brought up in a family impregnated with the ideas and habits of the old régime; I had been carefully protected from certain kinds of knowledge, like a delicate flower—as, in fact, the *ingénue* of an old-established and recognized social order.

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But still I had spent one year in England, having been sent there to learn the language and to get some general English education, and this experience gave me new views and a feeling of independence that I perhaps would not have had without it.

So I was sure that I wanted to be free, and yet at the same time I did not want, so to speak, to de-class myself. I did not want to give the slightest offense to my family, to my friends, or to the members of the social circle to which I belonged. I knew, therefore, that I must achieve my freedom through some other avenue than trade or industrial work, because that would mean working for money, and if I did that I should have been lowered and should have put myself out of the class into which I had been born.

I could not be a college or *lycée* professor for two reasons: it would have taken too long to have completed the necessary studies, and I had passed the usual entrance age of eighteen for preparatory schools. There were therefore very few things open to me. I thought of being an inspector in a Government department. There were a few positions open to a woman where certain qualities of tact and of womanhood were as essential as technical education. But they were rare, and were usually given to the widows and daughters of men who had rendered some big public service. For instance, the *inspectrice de l'assistance publique* (corresponding to an American State charities board) is the widow of a great jurist.

My life was filled with the usual interests of what is known as a "society woman." I was interested in charity, and at the time of the great Charity Bazar fire in Paris I was busy in a similar bazar, and had it not been for lack of space I might have been in the ill-fated Bazar itself. So I had had my taste of that sort of life; but I did not appreciate it enough to feel willing to stick to it.

Then knowledge came to me of the position of Inspector of Labor—a position created in 1893, and filled by public competition. This office demanded certain capabilities and qualifications that I felt I could try to supply. For instance, such a position demanded a woman of force, dignity, and authority, but free from nervousness, because the duties are exacting. In such a position you must show power, strength, and tact, for you are called upon to face all kinds of people—sometimes mobs of people howling at you, saying you have denied them the right to work part of the night. Then there are the employers to face—some brutally rude, some cunningly rude, and even some too polite! So the position asked for moral fiber as well as intellectual qualifications and physical strength. It seemed to me that here was a position which would give me an independent and respected place in society, and at the same time afford me most interesting work; and, after I had set my mind firmly in that direction, it seemed to me that I should die if I did not succeed in acquiring it. I knew such positions were very rare. There are now exactly seventeen women inspectors for the whole of France, and only in case of death or resignation does a vacancy occur.

I remember we were living in the country at that time. I was returning home with my mother, and bought a newspaper to read, and I saw that the competition was open for three vacancies. This was to open the door for the restless bird struggling in the cage. I came home greatly excited—"*complètement bouleversée*"—I could not sleep that night. I decided I would get that position or die. I was in a fearful state. The first thing in the morning I went to the Ministry to get information. They gave me a programme of the examinations; I knew that the library of the Ministry would be open to me, and I also knew that two professors would aid me with courses, or lessons, and I went at once to them and began to study. There were two ways of preparing for the examinations—taking the regular courses, and by means of private lessons. I took both. After the first course, in my eagerness to work, I saw that I could keep up with the others, but I decided to take private lessons too. I wanted to follow the others in their course, and I wanted to do more; so I arranged for private lessons. To try the examination at all was a bold decision for me to make, for I soon learned that more than four hundred women were competing for these three vacancies. I want all young girls to realize how hard a struggle it was. I had had a very good education, but it was not enough to compete with those widely read women—most of them having already earned a doctor's degree in philosophy, science, or letters; and, as I have said, it seemed bold in me to try to compete with those women.

But, on the other hand, the examinations called for information on subjects that were new to them as well as to me. The pro-

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gramme was made up partly of industrial laws and industrial hygiene; so that we were all on the same level, with the difference that they were more trained to intellectual work than I was. But I felt within me such a *will* to succeed that I was ready to do anything. So I went to work; and from the beginning of January to the 10th of May—when the first written examination took place—I worked every day from six o'clock in the morning until eleven, and later, at night, until I got so that my eyes were closed and I could not stand it any longer. I did not read any newspapers; I did not converse with any one; I just worked and *worked* and WORKED. The time spent in dressing I utilized by keeping before me certain legal forms, for I had a room arranged especially for my studies, and even while brushing my hair I was studying. Sometimes the fever of the work was so strong upon me during the winter months that I would go into the garden and cool my head with snow. I had willed to achieve this position; and perhaps I would have died if I had not got it—it would have been such a blow and disappointment. It was not so much that I was struggling for physical existence as for spiritual freedom. I wanted a position that would give me interesting work and allow me to live my life in a free, noble, and dignified way.

I knew of course that only three women could succeed out of the more than four hundred who were working for the vacancies, and I studied them to find out my most formidable rivals. I decided on three, two of them widows, of whom one was the sister of a Government Minister and very clever. She was the third one received at the examination. She has married since a big lawyer in Paris and has resigned her functions. I watched them, and they in turn watched me. We took lessons with the same professor. I made up my mind to change my way of studying, however; I no longer followed my professor—I made him follow me. He would sometimes say to me, "Now, in one lesson you have made me give you three lessons." I would come to him with a dozen or perhaps two dozen questions that had occurred to me during the night, and I would put these questions to him without his suspecting my real motive. I did not want to give him my ideas to use as material for his lessons to others. He was a functionary; he was doing this instructing outside of his regular work, and he naturally took material wherever he found it; and as the affair was a matter of life and death to me, I tried to get from him all I could without letting him know all that I got from other sources. When I wrote compositions that I thought were good, I did not show them, because I did not want him, and through him the others, to know just how fast I was getting on. A little sly, perhaps you think, but human. And I was alone in my fight. When I think of it, it seems fearful.

Well, the all-important day came at last, and about three hundred women appeared for the examinations. We were so many that the Minister of Commerce had to put us in the *Salle de Fêtes*. It was very funny to be sitting in that splendid *Salle de Fêtes*, with its tapestry, its beautiful decorations, and general air of luxury, and we poor women sitting in the Gobelin-upholstered arm-chairs, writing for our lives. One question asked was, "What are the laws, decrees, and regulations concerning women above eighteen years of age in industrial work?" It was a big question, and we had three hours in which to answer it. I wrote more than sixteen pages, and I could have written more if I had had time. In the afternoon we had the question, "What are the different deleterious gases produced in industrial work where women are employed; what are their dangers, and what are the remedies to apply?"

I felt that I had answered fairly well; and two days afterwards I knew, non-officially, that I was among the first three. Almost directly after finishing my composition I went to see my professor in legislation, M. Alfred Duprat, who is now a Director in the Ministère des Colonies, and he said: "Now your face is happy, you are satisfied with yourself." I smiled and told him something of what I had written. He was bewildered, and exclaimed: "You have hidden your knowledge from me, but I suspected it!"

"Of course," I said, "you were not my private professor, and I did not want to give my information to the others." He laughed, and ever since has a knowing smile when we meet each other.

In the interval between the first and second examination we had to pass a medical inspection; only a strong, well-built woman could be eligible. Inspection work is arduous. Sometimes it requires ascending fifty stories in a day, and that means there must be good heart, good lungs, and good legs.

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The second examination was an oral test, and was public. Only five women were on hand each time. I remember that when I entered the room I felt such a will to succeed that if a wall had been before me I could have pushed it aside, and I think I must have impressed the examiners with my determination. The first examiner did not want me—not because he had anything specially against me, but because other women had been recommended to him, and at a glance I felt that he was against me. He asked me the most difficult and puzzling questions he could think of, but I was prepared, although it may not seem modest to say so. In fact, he gave me a "very good," and so did M. Bourgain, Professor of Law at the School of Law, who interrogated me afterwards. Two years later he was again one of my examiners, but at the École de Droit. He recognized me, and said very complimentary things to me before the students.

On the other part of the oral examination I was asked a question regarding the fabrication of felt. I had to explain that it is generally made of rabbit skins, that the big hairs are taken out by hand with a little knife, that this process causes a great deal of animal dust, which is poisonous, and that later these skins are impregnated with a liquid containing mercury and arsenic, which causes bad effects to the workers. This shows that an Inspector of Labor must understand some of the technical processes of industry.

I passed the examination and received my appointment from the Government—a life appointment, unless I resign or have charges brought against me. Almost immediately after receiving the appointment I entered upon my duties, going first to a department in Normandy, where I had to visit all the factories and workshops where women were employed.

In our inspection we have to consider what laws are in existence and how the laws are applied, the hours of work, and the conditions under which women work from a hygienic point of view. For instance, a workshop must be clean; no machines must be in use unless they are in good condition; no children under thirteen are allowed to work; no girl under sixteen is permitted to run a machine—in fact, there are a number of things prohibited to a girl under sixteen. If we go into a factory or workshop and find something wrong, we always speak frankly of it to the proprietor; we say: "Now, why do you do so and so?" We always give fair warning. Each time the violation of the law must be noted in a register provided for the purpose; and, if it is the case, we note down that such and such conditions are not in accordance with the law. If it is something that can be remedied easily, we give them warning and time to set things right. For instance, if the closets open right from the workshops, we give them a month or more to change the doors; or, if a room is too small—as, for example, in Paris, where rents are high and the workshops are often too small—we give them a month, three months, or even six months sometimes to move or to add another room. We have great power and great freedom in these ways, because we prosecute offenders ourselves after we have given fair warning. The defendant may defend himself, of course; but we have very rarely an acquittal. An Inspector of Labor is an *officier de police judiciare.* Several have the decoration of the Legion of Honor. The latest one to receive it is Madame Prevost, who obtained it the 11th of August last.

At first I met with some opposition from the working people, and from the employers as well, who thought I did not represent the Government, and I had to be very patient with them and explain; otherwise I would have had prosecutions on my hands every day. The working-girls did not always understand; they only saw that I was preventing them from working, and they were angry. So it was very difficult at first, but now they understand much better. The position of Labor Inspector is a noble mission; but it is hard sometimes, because too often the employers do not like us, and the working people do not understand us, and so do not like us either. I soon began to like them, however. I had been a society woman, I was a college woman, and I was a professional woman, for soon after beginning as an inspector I took up the study of law for four years, and was the fifth woman to be licensed in law by the French Government. Yet, though I can say I have been in every class of society, the women I like best, because I think they are the most moral, the most clever, and the most interesting, are the women engaged in industrial work. I say they are the most intelligent because it is not college science that gives intelligence; it is the science of life; and you learn the sci-

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ence of life by living the life. You do not get it out of books; on the contrary, from books you are sometimes prejudiced regarding life; you believe yourself superior, and you are mistaken. You learn life by living, and those poor little *midinettes* in Paris are often artists; they do not work mechanically; they use their brains as much as their fingers. They are full of heart, feeling, sentiment, those dear little working-girls, and they grow, and perhaps in time become *patrons*, employing dozens of other young girls. They are not only artists, but often refined, noble women in the highest sense of the word. You are not an artist unless you are refined in your feeling and noble in your sentiments and aspirations. These women often achieve an artistic triumph in a dress they make, and they do not do it alone for the sum of money they are to get, but because they love their work—and sometimes they refuse to work for certain people. They have a sense of refinement and are true artists in spirit. The best art has moral fiber; that means, in the artist, generosity, love of beauty for beauty's sake, unselfishness, sympathy; all beauty must have the element of decency or else it is not beautiful.

I learned *life* from these working people; I really did not know anything about it as a society woman or as a lawyer. The little I have learned I learned from them. They have taught me to be broad-minded, to be human—and that means everything.

I have fought my fight and I have succeeded, but I would advise no woman to undertake this struggle for a mere whim or passing fancy; it is only for one whose heart is in her work. Many women take up something just because they are restless and do not know just what to do, and by so doing they give wrong ideas to young girls; they make them almost disgusted with the plain and simple life—with the life that has no excitement in it; and that is a great mistake—a great wrong, in fact. It belongs to *une femme arrivée*, as I have been kindly called, to caution inexperienced girls. I would say to them: "Do not do as I have done, unless you are forced to it, or feel within you an overmastering impulse to succeed alone." If conditions are not very unfortunate, a woman, no matter how clever she may be, or how strong may be her desire to do something great in the world, can always find an outlet for her noble aspirations in being the helpmate of a husband—in helping him "to arrive"—and that is the ideal condition.

I recall a conversation I had with a friend of mine, Mademoiselle Vigneron, who is, in truth, *une femme arrivée*. She is Inspector-General of Technical Schools for all France, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. She has a splendid salary; she has several times been sent on Government missions to Italy, and her position is more secure than even that of her Minister, because he is changed with the fluctuations of politics, but she stays. I was visiting her recently when a young woman came in; she was the wife of a young doctor who lived in the same house with Mademoiselle Vigneron, perhaps twenty-five years of age, and was nursing her first baby. She made a little call, and as she disappeared, Mademoiselle Vigneron said, pointing to her, "*Voila la vérité!*"—This is the real thing!

Thus it is that I would never encourage a young girl who is in happy conditions and who enjoys a happy family life to try to be independent, or ever to think of being *une femme arrivée*. A woman who arrives must do so by herself; it means loneliness. I would rather advise her to be, in the true and noble sense of the word, the *wife* of *un homme arrivé*.

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CURING SICK CHURCHES

BY CHARLES STELZLE

"THE Christian spirit must be institutionalized if it is to prevail in an age of institutions," recently said Shailer Mathews. Now this may jolt some earnest folks who prefer to do their church work "joyously and spontaneously," and without any regard for scientific laws, principles, and systems. They rebel at the notion that church work can or should be done according to formulas and prescriptions.

But it can easily be demonstrated that the Almighty himself worked in this way. The stars of the heavens suggest a great solar system, with mathematics enough to break one's head. Even a blade of grass contains enough material for scientific study to keep an ordinary man busy for an entire lifetime. Preachers freely talk about "the laws of prayer," telling us that in our personal relationship to our Heavenly Father we must obey certain inexorable laws. They inform us that there is "a plan of salvation." Who has not been charmed as he read Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"?

If it seems wise and good to depend upon scientific formulas in the natural and the spiritual world, why should it be unreasonable to introduce the same principles into the practical affairs of every-day church life and work? Whatever the church may think about this matter, other agencies are diligently applying the most up-to-date methods in their approach to their peculiar problems—methods which, by the way, are just as applicable to the work of the church as they are to business affairs.

Here's a railway company, for example, which decides to open up a new territory. Does it depend merely upon "inspiration" and "enthusiasm"? Not at all. It sends out a corps of surveyors who study soils and levels and many other features. Their findings are reproduced in a set of drawings and many blue-prints, all of which pass through the hands of expert engineers who use these findings as the basis of plans for the big enterprise in which the railway company is to engage. Furthermore—and here's the point—the entire railway, down to the last inch, is complete in their mind's eye before the first tie is laid or the first spike driven.

In a big Middle Western city the telephone company has engaged at considerable expense a group of sociological investigators. These men are studying the social conditions of the people in certain sections of the city, making a house-to-house canvass, and trying to discover the general tendencies of the population. Why? Because this corporation is so deeply concerned about the social conditions of the masses? No—the company wants to know where to place its telephone poles so that it may do the most business in 1930—that's all.

There is a string of retail stores conducted in our American cities which are originally located only after a thoroughgoing study of the crowds which pass certain corners upon which it is proposed to open up new enterprises. These stores are invariably successful.

By way of contrast: In one of our Eastern cities a church-building society spent considerable money in the erection of several valuable buildings, and in three years these buildings were practically useless because a totally new class of people, which required an absolutely different kind of a church home, had moved in. These new buildings weren't at all practical in their construction to meet the present need. A careful consideration of the rapidly changing character of the neighborhood, due to perfectly plain phenomena, and a study of the inevitable tendencies of the near-by population on this account, might have saved this society considerable cash, reputation, and embarrassment. Some day the church will do business upon "engineering" principles.

No doubt there's a great difference between running an industrial plant and a church organization. The efficiency engineer says to a worker, "Go," and he goes, whether he likes it or not. The church administrator must say, "Come," and the chances are that the "worker" will remain away—although, on the whole, the same kind of human nature is being dealt with, and the church has the greater appeal in its call, "Come and suffer." If the church can demonstrate that in its work there is comparatively little lost motion, but that its plans are sane and scientific, there is no doubt that it will make a great appeal to strong men who are not attracted by an organization which often has no programme at all or else goes at the job in a haphazard fashion.

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One of the greatest professions to-day is that of "diagnostician." In medical practice, he examines a sick man and tells the regular physician just what is the trouble with him. This expert may or may not prescribe a course of treatment. Often he does nothing more than indicate the nature of the disease, it being assumed that the ordinary practitioner knows how to treat the case after he knows what it is. But here are two cases precisely alike. The symptoms are the same, but the course of treatment may be quite different in several important particulars, the difference in the treatment being largely determined by the history of each case. If all cases were to be treated exactly alike merely because the symptoms are similar, then we might use patent medicines exclusively and do away with costly doctor's bills.

In church work the situation is much the same. Every church worker has had the experience of introducing in a certain field a method which had wonderfully succeeded in another church and in a neighborhood which was apparently similar; but the old successful remedy absolutely failed in the new field, although no good reason could be assigned for the failure. But there is a reason, and it is possible to discover what it is. We shall some day raise up men who will become "diagnosticians," who will study "sick churches," and who will tell us, through a scientifically worked out formula, precisely what ails the church. These experts will give considerable attention to the history of the neighborhood and its people, but they will also inquire diligently into the history of the church itself—its officers, its minister, its organizations, its methods, its atmosphere. And they will so clarify the situation that the matter of method will become secondary in its importance. There will emerge a real "science of church work" which will result in almost certain success—assuming that the human element can be just as courageously handled as the purely physical aspects of the question.

There must of necessity be a selection of workers for particular tasks. This is one of the secrets of success in industrial efficiency. If the church is to be run merely for the purpose of keeping jobs for all sorts of incompetents in the ministry, or offices for men and women who simply wish to monopolize them, even though they plainly lack proper equipment, then the task will remain needlessly difficult. The selection of workers, however, is not so hopeless as it may appear. Success in this direction will depend largely upon the efficiency of those who are directly responsible for the selection and the training of men and women for Christian work. The principle of "not how many but how good" must prevail in the matter of competent leadership.

It can readily be seen that a scientific approach to this matter must be through the survey idea, which means that an outsider will come in to find out what the situation really is. Here we shall meet at once the opposition of the man who declares that he has been on the field so much longer than any mere "outsider" that he knows more about this situation than the so-called "expert" can possibly tell him. This is of course true in some particulars; but when a church is "sick," then a man who is trained to study the causes of the sickness can help immensely. The fact that a man has lived with his own body for fifty years does not usually give him the notion that he knows his body better than the physician. He may be able to handle it when it is in a normal condition, and feel quite independent of any outside advice; but when his body is failing to perform its proper functions, then, if he is wise, he will call in the man who knows how to treat sick bodies. As a matter of fact, often he cannot even tell whether he has a fever. Even physicians themselves call in other practitioners when they are sick; they do not wholly trust their own judgment, because they are too intimately related to the sickness which they would cure.

The average minister and church officer may be able to get along finely when everything in the church is in a healthy condition. But when the membership is failing, the contributions falling off, the neighborhood becoming "worse," and the church apparently having no influence upon the community, then it's time to call in the expert, however humiliating it may appear—although, when a business man calls in a consulting or efficiency engineer, it is counted as a sure sign of "bigness" and "grasp" and "discernment." This will soon be the attitude of the church toward the minister who has the courage to say frankly that the situation has gotten beyond him and that an efficiency church man should be consulted as to what may be done in the face of the abnormal situation which may have arisen. The minister who depends merely upon books and pamphlets which describe methods of

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work invites almost certain failure. These helps are very much like patent medicines—they may or may not cure. The chances are against their doing the work which should be attempted only after a thorough investigation of all the facts. And often these alleged remedies leave the church in a worse condition because of the "experiment."

Whatever may be said with reference to local churches in this connection, there can be no question as to the advisability of the introduction of the efficiency idea to National church organizations, whose chief business it is to direct or advise local religious enterprises. The National society has the advantage of being in a position in which it may study country-wide phenomena. No local agency can possibly have the outlook upon the field which a National agency may have. If the latter is scientifically conducted, it may not only be of inestimable value to the average church, so far as advice with regard to methods are concerned, but it may save considerable sums of money.

While there is a tendency in some denominations to oppose the erection of bureaus and departments with experts at their head, there can be no possible doubt that before many years the business men who are directly responsible for carrying on the work of the church nationally will apply to this work the same principles which in business enterprises employ staff men for the carrying out of special programmes. A single secretary with a stenographer can no more administer the affairs of a National church organization in these days than can the old-fashioned superintendent with his foreman run a big machine shop. The principles of efficiency in industrial life demand that about every fourth man be a teacher or boss of some kind, thereby increasing from forty to one hundred per cent the efficiency of the same number of men, including the "bosses."

The most successful charity organization societies no longer simply dole out charity in the form of money, food, or clothing. To be sure, this work is still being done, but the most effective work of these agencies is that of teaching people how to help themselves; and in many instances this part of the work requires the expenditure of from twenty to forty per cent of the income of the organization. Precisely the same principles apply to the work of the great missionary and philanthropic boards of the church. To the superficial critic this is an extravagant method, but to those who have studied the subject scientifically the organizations which are operated upon this basis seem the most efficient.

As things are at present in church life and work, who actually knows the situation with regard to the immigrant, the city, country life, the Indian, the Mexican, the Mormon, or any other field or group? The efficient National agency of the church will erect a survey department whose sole business it will be to secure all the facts regarding the great questions with which it is wrestling. It will study the tendencies in every part of the country, becoming familiar with the problems which these movements of the people are developing; and long before the situation becomes so acute that the church will throw up its hands in dismay, it will have anticipated the situation and graphically stated these problems to those who are directly responsible for their solution. If this is done, the church will no longer be caught napping. It will have outlined its plan of campaign in order to prevent certain crises which are to-day occurring with such frequency as almost to stagger the average churchman. With its accumulated records of all the facts and figures systematically filed, its statistical division will make immediately available the information desired when the problem arises in a local field, and it will bring to bear upon that local field all the facts and forces which relate to the entire proposition.

Furthermore, with the assistance of the field men and the heads of departments, it will interpret the facts discovered, and set up definite constructive programmes. It will parallel the designing-room or planning department of an industrial enterprise. It will indicate not only what is to be done but how it is to be accomplished. It will take hold of city-wide campaigns and State and county movements. Growing out of this intensive study there will be a mass of fresh material for exhibit and publicity purposes which will be valuable in presenting to the entire church the needs of the fields in question, thus keeping alive the interest of the people in social and religious problems.

The denomination or the National agency which will set up so comprehensive and so constructive a programme will be commended for its statesmanship, supported by intelligent contributors, and it will gain the respect of the man outside the church who has always believed that the church and its agencies are unscientific and unbusinesslike.

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"SOMETHING TO DO"

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

AN elderly friend was showing me his collection of etchings by a distinguished artist. His comments as we went along led me to inquire how he came by his expert knowledge.

"As a young man," he answered, "my ambition was to make a fortune. But I bethought me that, if I stayed in business many years, I should be miserable after I retired, unless I had some other interest equally absorbing. So I devoted all my leisure to the study of etchings, and picked a good one up here and there as I could afford it."

"You had," I suggested, "a natural bent for art?"

"On the contrary," said he, "I had never known or cared a jot about it. When I began, I couldn't tell an etching from a woodcut, or whether Rembrandt was born in Leyden or Louisville. It was a purely arbitrary choice. I looked over a lot of fads which interested other people, and chose one which seemed to have the fewest devotees."

"That's the way a good many men choose their callings," I remarked, "and probably it accounts for the number who fail."

"Nevertheless," he assented, "it's the way I chose my own. I had no tastes or talents to guide me, so I cast about for a trade which was not overcrowded. By sticking to it day and night I made it pay, and in selecting an amusement for my old age I followed the same rule."

My friend was commonly spoken of as having "a positive genius for business." Obviously, genius in this case spelled simply concentration of thought and unremitting work.

"What are you going to do with your son?" we often hear one parent ask another. "Shall you make a lawyer of him, or a doctor?"

What shall be "done with" him? What shall be "made of" him? Are they talking about a log, or a lump of clay? Neither; but about a boy, a living creature like themselves, their inferior in years and strength, but with a will and impulses of his own which must be reckoned with. No lawyer or doctor or merchant worthy the name was ever "made" by anybody but himself. I knew a hard-working farmer who insisted on his son's studying for the bar. The lad had a wonderful inventive trend, which, had he been permitted to follow it, might have placed him in the class with Edison and Marconi. But he obediently chained himself to statutes and conveyances, and to the end of his days remained at the bottom of his profession.

Do not misunderstand the father. He was poor, but had generous ideals. To his mind a lawyer was one of the elect; and he was glad to toil in season and out, and face any privation, to scrape together the means to carry his son through the expensive periods of study and of building up a practice. The boy protested and pleaded, yielding only when worn out. Had the father had strength of mind to say, "My son, since you are determined to have your own way, do so, but look to me for nothing from this hour," it would have brought joy to the boy's heart, force to his character, and success to his life, for the young fellow would have slaved and saved to any extent to obtain the training he craved in the direction toward which nature was urging him, and would have prized success all the more for the sacrifices he had made to win it. As it was, his life became a long-drawn and rather sordid tragedy, all because of the parental resolve to "make" him something other than what he was fitted to be.

"It may be right enough," I hear some reader saying, "in the case of a boy who has a special passion, to throw him upon his own resources and let him prove his faith by his works; but how about the boy who has no preference? Is it not the father's duty to decide for him?"

I don't think so. Usually by the time a boy has reached the age for making a choice he is capable of making one, and is reluctant only from indolence or self-distrust. He may never have regarded life seriously, having a vague notion that he is going to be taken care of somehow; he therefore postpones indefinitely the day of settling down. It would be salutary to put such a boy into a grocery, let us say, to serve an apprenticeship at tying up bundles or delivering goods. Granted that this is not an inspiring occupation, it is at least useful and respectable, and will afford him time to think. The less he likes it the better, probably, because, when he

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realizes that what has brought him to this pass is his own shilly-shally, he will begin to consider the cultivation of more positiveness. It may seem a drastic remedy to apply to a case of mere juvenile indecision, but it is likely to be effective.

Suppose, though, that it isn't? Suppose he drops down into the place you have picked out for him, and shows no ambition to find anything better?

Trust nature, and the ways of the world, to take care of that contingency. If his inner horizon is limited by the parcel-counter, don't worry; you have, at any rate, saved him from being a worthless idler, or worse. The chances are that he will presently find the pay he is getting for his petty work insufficient for his needs, and, his old associates being able to earn more and twitting him with it, his pride will be stung. I have seen such contrasts work wonders in a stolid-appearing boy. Nobody has to seek them for him; he finds them out for himself.

Possibly your son is not indolent or procrastinating, but honestly struggling to solve a real uncertainty. He is rather clever at simple mathematics, and thinks a banker's life would about fit his powers; yet he is also good at mechanical drawing, and fancies that he might make a success as an architect. To which career had he better address himself?

Here comes in the parent's opportunity, with his broader knowledge, to be of great service. He can show the lad that footing columns of figures and striking balances between them are but an insignificant part of a banker's activities, compared with studying out economic puzzles, satisfying himself whether there is too much or too little money in circulation, whetting his judgment of human nature so as to discriminate between a borrower he can trust and one he must watch, and forecasting the effects of public movements in all parts of the world upon the credit market at home; and that, in architecture, draftsmanship is merely the alphabet of expression, as it were, the big problems being those of capacity, weight and measure, form and proportion, poise and strain, material and finish, all of which lie far behind the drawing.

The same function for the parent comes into the case of a boy who is not even uncertain, but knows, or believes he knows, precisely what he wishes to do. One of my young friends, from his pinafore days, yearned for a military career. As soon as he could handle a little gun he knew the manual of arms and the marching evolutions like a professional drillmaster. He organized a company of schoolmate militia, and spent his leisure evenings reading stories of Napoleon Bonaparte and Frederick the Great. Most of his admiring kinsfolk expected him to enter the army and become a general before middle life. At the psychological moment came forward his father with a temperate and tactful exposition of what military campaigning meant on its commonplace as distinguished from its theatrical side. He showed his son that an officer must look after his men as if they were his children, and that the commander who makes his mark on actual warfare is not so often he who leads picturesque charges as he who keeps the largest percentage of troops, with their supplies, always in effective conditions. This revelation that war is not all brass bands, blood, smoke, and glory, but rests on as practical a business basis as the hardware trade, put a potent damper upon the lad's military enthusiasm, and turned his thoughts into another channel.

There remain to be considered a group of cases in which a youth is marked by nature for a particular pursuit yet is unconscious of it and needs the guidance of an older person in interpreting the visible signs. Two rather notable illustrative instances which fell under my own observation may serve our purpose as types of all.

The first was that of a boy who at school was pitifully backward in those studies which depended on books. He could copy and color a map from his geography pretty well; but when he turned to the text his mind refused to open for such dry details as the population and products of the countries he had charted. Still, he was not a stupid boy. In out-of-door sports he was in his element. He took a sympathetic interest in every growing thing. Put him in a strange place in summer, and within three days he would have made friends with all the horses, dogs, and cats in the neighborhood, and be able to tell you what kind of trees, wild flowers, birds, and rodents lived thereabout, and where each had its home. Probably nine readers in ten will say that here was a great naturalist in embryo. So thought his father at first, but a visit to a scientific institution proved this an error: the boy was repelled by the analyses and statistics, the Latin names and hair-splitting distinctions, on which he found the

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learned men busy; he felt stifled by the atmosphere of the laboratory, and had no patience to waste on the microscope. What he wanted was something that would keep him in the fresh air and sunlight. A suggestion of forestry did not appeal to his imagination at once; he feared that it involved the preparation of elaborate reports and other baffling requirements. When he came to understand that these burdens would not be thrown upon a beginner; that for a while at least he could live in the open air all the time, draw the life histories of his beloved trees from themselves instead of from books, and cultivate closer intimacies with his little friends in fur and feathers, he relented so far as to consent to an experiment. In due course he became one of the most enthusiastic foresters of his generation.

The other case was that of a shy, bookish boy who would rather spend his Saturday afternoons lying on the hearth-rug with a volume of history or verse than play tag in the yard. You could hardly pose him on a date or a name, he could locate most of the literary quotations in daily popular use, and he could tell you where to look in the home library for an answer to any ordinary question. Orderliness was almost a mania with him, and from infancy one of his chief joys had been to be turned loose in attic or cellar and allowed to put it to rights. He wrote most entertaining letters to his family when separated from them, but, if he attempted to compose anything for wider consumption, it was ruined by his painful self-consciousness. This was why, when assured by outside friends that he had in him the making of an eminent author, his parents shook their heads. A publisher, perhaps? Not that either; for though the critical instinct was there, the business instinct was not. What then? Let us inventory him and see. Interest in books as books, a working knowledge of what they contained, talent for classification and arrangement, and a large bump of order; to what did such a combination point? Obviously, to the profession of a custodian of books—a librarian.

He, like the young forester, saw nothing attractive in the first overtures. He had been acquainted with only one librarian, an old man with double spectacles and a forbidding manner, who spent much of his time grubbing well-thumbed volumes out of dark and musty alcoves with the aid of a small brass hand-lamp. The vision of this as the possible goal of his own career chilled him, and it took a good while to clear his mind of the megrim. He is now a librarian in excellent standing, an instructor of others in his art, and thoroughly absorbed in it himself.

The happy solution of the difficulty in each of these two instances was due primarily, of course, to the ability of the adviser to put several hints together and figure out what message nature was trying to convey; but in quite as great measure it was due, I believe, to a factor not yet mentioned: the boy was given a taste of the practical side of his profession before studying its theoretical side. The one who adopted forestry did not decide to do so till he had been sent into the woods with a reconnaissance party and taken part in their work as an unskilled laborer. He was fascinated by the experience. Daily contact with better-educated young men aroused in him a desire to learn the reasons for one thing and another, so that he could enter into their discussions on an equal footing. In a few months he was begging his father to send him to a college where he could acquire some of the scientific groundwork he lacked. It was hard for him to get into studious habits after having shunned books so long; but he bent to his task with the eagerness of a thirsty wayfarer on the brink of a pool.

The boy who became a librarian was won over in like manner, by being given a subordinate place in a well-ordered library, where ere long he became anxious to know the whys and wherefores of the operations he saw going on about him. He was afforded this opportunity by a course at one of the standard library schools, and from the day of his graduation he never looked backward, for his heart was in his work.

His heart in his work: that is the key to success in whatever your boy undertakes for a livelihood. If his vocational bent is for something which you consider beneath his dignity and yours, remember that nature is wiser than you, and that in her sight any honest work is honorable. The only person who can be humiliated by his occupation is he who is smaller than his job; he who is bigger will bring his job up to his own plane of dignity. As to pecuniary rewards, the capital prizes in life's lottery are few; but, other things being equal, the man who loves his work stands a far better chance of winning than he who toils only because he must. Moreover, a capital prize is not essential to any one's happiness. Thousands of men are

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happy in the second rank, or the third, or the fourth, as measured by the standard of dollars and cents, because they are honestly heart-bound to what they are doing. The money they earn is only half their compensation; the rest is made good in a wholesome sense of satisfaction which gold and silver cannot buy.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator does have the most astonishing luck! The intelligent reader must have noticed how frequently he is on the spot when anything of interest is afoot. This time he accidentally strayed into Old Deerfield on the last day of the pageant which happens once in three years. He had seen Deerfield only in summer, quiet, its peaceful elms a-dream. Yet under their swaying green he had always clearly beheld a little figure in a white night-dress, flying barefoot beneath black branches over the snow of a gray February morning two hundred years ago—his little great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother, her home in flames, her husband and children all dead or captured in the massacre.

Now, as the big noiseless car swung into the well-remembered street, instead of the little g-g-g-g-g-g-g aforesaid, there were the Indians, standing in groups or clattering along on good horses. A squaw and a Tory dame in powder and patches walked sociably past a brooding old gray house, from which drifted forth a tiny fairy, with fluttering wings, her feet no nearer earth than those of Botticelli's angels.

Every foot of the beautiful village is historic ground, and the pageant stage, a gently sloping field, is the site of the first dame school. It needed little adaptation, and what was necessary was done by village boys, after work, at very little expense. A cornfield at the left offered excellent skulking facilities for Indian foes. A humble ditch in front became, by damming, a stream deep enough for canoes. A low gray boulder and a gnarled old apple tree stood exactly where they would be most effective, and groups of bordering evergreens were reinforced to make thick screens and "wings." The (literal) *green*-room was the orchard between two old gray barns, so well hidden that only the prying eyes of a Spectator could notice the glimpse of sleek red-brown cattle or of coats of many colors.

The pageant fitted its charming setting. "The picturesque and appealing history of Deerfield" offers perhaps unusual advantages in the way of contrast, but only a sympathetic and artistic spirit could so have chosen and arranged that rich material. Moreover, though rehearsed for only four weeks, the performance was marred by no carelessness in execution. No Indian brave forgot his peculiar high tread; no corpse indiscreetly came to life before it had been dragged behind the sheltering trees. The Indian warrior representing Pocumtuck stood upon his boulder, through all the scenes of tribal life, with such marvelous poise and immobility that it was almost a shock when, after the slow, reluctant vanishing of the red men from their territory, he moved and withdrew in majesty to the shadows of the woods. One would almost have expected the rock to fly from its firm base as soon as he! If the intelligent reader is of mature years, and a believer in the influence of ancestry, he will share the Spectator's satisfaction that the list of performers included many names familiar not only on Deerfield tombstones, but in the annals of our land.

The Indians pursued their peaceful vocations until William Pynchon and his friends appeared in canoes to barter for their precious grain. File after file the Indian women emptied their heaping baskets into the canoes, until they were filled for the hungry settlements at Hartford and Windsor. The beginning of the end. But before the long conflict came the folk-lore dances, the inevitable struggle of good and evil, the Spirit of the Maize and the black Paimosaid, thief of corn-fields; the "little vanishing Men of the Woods," and the Fireflies "flashing their lights among the dark bushes to reveal lurking monsters." The Spirit of the Maize, all

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in fluttering leaf-green and ripe corn-yellow, gave a beautiful dance among the brown shocks of corn. Mondamin finally circumvented the wily Paimosaid and drove him into the forest, pursued by the Fireflies, even the littlest waving to the last wings as big as herself. The firefly may "blunder through existence with his headlight on behind," but he certainly lends himself well to picturesque representation. The Spectator has one unavailing regret—that he could not have seen the portrayal of the previous evening, when the Fireflies' lights flashed hither and thither, and the morn rose, cool and solemn, behind the hill just as the Indians and captives started on the weary road to Canada.

A series of episodes showed the long struggle between barbarism and civilization. Dutchmen, mounted, and well mounted, met Indians in council, and made a treaty, displaying goods of brilliant hue. (An inquisitive and very modern Boston terrier, seeing no reason for abandoning his master in whatever guise arrayed, rather disturbed the verisimilitude, but accidents will happen.) The pioneer settler, Samuel Hinsdale, arrived with all the little Hinsdales, the spinning-wheel conspicuous among their household gear. Larger companies of settlers followed, women and children and worldly goods guarded by mounted men with anxious faces and muskets ready. King Philip's War summoned stores of grain for the garrison at Hadley. The heavy ox-carts—the oxen had been imported from forty miles distant, the genus being almost extinct—lumbered away, escorted by the Choice Young Men of the county (while the choice young women waved disconsolate farewell), to the grape-hidden ambush of Bloody Brook and the large body of Indians who "there entertained them with an assault."

"The Alarm at the Dame School" lost nothing in interest by being enacted on the original site. The Spectator wished Mistress Hannah Beaman might have watched her little white-capped flock (these present-day Beamans included) once more racing for their lives up her own green meadow, while the little fellow who had given the alarm lay very dead indeed near that invaluable corn-field.

The Deerfield Massacre was wisely indicated only in the marching away of the captives, struggling finely against their captors. The Spectator could not identify his own particular family, but adopted the girl who fought most viciously as that Joanna who, after exchange, forsook civilization for an Indian spouse.

Parson Ashley's Tory Tea-Party arrived in an old red stage-coach, with prancing black and white horses; and a sweeter scene than that sunlit meadow as the soft, full old dresses frothed out over the warm grass would be hard indeed to find. Once more the cherished costumes of long ago swept through the measures of the minuet, though probably scandalized at moving over grass instead of polished floors. Then, when the stage-coach had carried them all away again into the Land of Shadows, came the Ball of 1863, "Godey's Lady's Book" come to life! Bright breeches, colored high hats, tilting hoops, pink ruffles voluminous, white "book-muslin" and bonny blue ribbons, old scoop-bonnets shading blithe young faces, so different, oh, so different, from the fifty years between!

After all, for the Spectator, almost the best of the spectacle *was* after all. For when the final dance, including all the performers, was over, and the whole beautiful interplay of color had left the field to the coming night, then all and sundry piled into ox-carts, stage-coach, carryalls, or on horseback, and rode up and down Deerfield Street with song and jocund revelry. There was no set "parade." Young and old were making merry. For once the haughty mobiles took the sides of the road, tooting congratulation instead of warning or defiance. The low sun shone redly athwart the branches upon the shifting, shimmering crowd. Sorolla could have painted that brilliant sun-dashed confusion, though his Spanish mind could not have comprehended in the least its manifold implications. The elms may have felt that all their memories had come true at once in an Old Home Week for all the generations who had ever loitered in their shadow.

Once upon a time, on a Rhine steamer, the Spectator heard an American girl, a very pretty American girl, lamenting that our poor Hudson River, which was suffering the inevitable comparison, had "no legends, no associations." Her quiet neighbor quietly questioned her facts, and soon was holding in thrall a breathless audience with his light

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summary of the Hudson's claims to historic and romantic interest. "You can find legend and history almost anywhere, if you look," said he. Later, the Spectator cultivated the quiet man's society. And his card at parting bore the honored name of the President of one of our great colleges. This new study of pageantry is doing a similar service for many of our familiar localities, overgrown with the "prosaic" details of the present but filled with buried treasure of a rich and noble past. The Spectator modestly opines that certain of our improvements in educational methods are not improving the education. But our debt to this new movement seems to him incalculable. Living history is so much easier and more convincing than studying about it. Moreover, every good pageant requires in preparation much research in divergent lines of art, and unconsciously trains participants and spectators in appreciation of all. The new American Pageant Association has before it a useful and delightful work.

THE NEW BOOKS

Otherwise Phyllis. By Meredith Nicholson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

"Montgomery," this story tells us, "is just a comfortable, folksy, neighborly town, small enough to make hypocrisy difficult and unnecessary;" and this account of Montgomery and its people is "just comfortable, folksy, neighborly." It is free from pretension of any sort; it is a plain, straight-away tale of small-town life in Indiana. Phyllis, who is not plain but who is straight as a beam of light, is the central figure, and Main Street is the center of action; but all the people of the town are involved in the narrative. Like Mr. Nicholson's earlier story, "A Hoosier Chronicle," and Mr. White's novel "A Certain Rich Man," it is distinctively Western in its democratic inclusiveness. It is, like those earlier stories, a kind of community novel, a report of a whole social cross-section. It is as unconventional as the people it describes; it is as thoroughly human as Edward Eggleston's "Roxy" or "A Hoosier Schoolmaster," only it comes later in time, and the world has begun to modify the unshaded individualism of the local society. Phyllis is a fine creature whose mother has deserted her and whose father is her boon companion rather than her mentor. He is of the fine grain which appears in every Western as in every Southern community, however far from towns; and Phyllis has his sense of honor, his instinctive refinement, and his strain of idealism; "otherwise" she is a very unconventional tomboy and a past-mistress of picturesque American slang. She is the despair of her three aunts, who unconsciously supply the humor of the story, and the joy of her Uncle Amzi, who is a delightful embodiment of native good sense, independence of view, and personal eccentricity. Phyllis's mother, who reappears in time to create a first-class complication, is skillfully but not convincingly drawn; one feels that her offense rests too lightly on her. One would not have her stoned, but she gets off too easily. She isn't even sorry, and she comes home as immoral as when she went away, but with a good French accent, wonderful clothes, a captivating manner, and with half a million dollars to her credit. She carries off the situation not only without embarassment but with such obvious pleasure that, although she has no illusions about herself and knows that she is only a pretty imitation of a woman, one rebels at the discrepancy between her easy-going prosperity and the discipline she inflicts on her husband. It is not quite credible that a woman should so easily keep her cake and eat it too. Otherwise the story is thoroughly sound in its moral discrimination, and the dishonesty which has been far too common in this country gets precisely the harvest which it sows. "Otherwise Phyllis" is not a novel of distinction; it is a "comfortable, folksy, neighborly" tale which is genuinely and unaffectedly American in its atmosphere and point of view.

His Great Adventure. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

This story is Mr. Herrick's first venture in the field of romance; but it has been made with his thorough equipment of intelligence, training, and ability. There is no lack of incident; the element of adventure is used as freely and boldly as in any of those nerve-racking tales which no reader can lay down until he has turned the last page. A young man, very much out at the elbows and at the very end of his money, his wardrobe, and his courage, comes upon an elderly man lying helpless in a New York street, and, discovering that a blow and not a bottle has brought him to this condition, takes him to his room. From that room the drama starts and never pauses; the unfortunate man goes to the hospital and dies, the hero starts for San Francisco, where he dares greatly and "carries it off," escapes to Mexico, and finally reaches Paris, where the suppressed art instincts of his nature bloom overnight; and

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Mr. Herrick describes these adventures of the spirit with lyrical enthusiasm in several delightful chapters. The story reaches its climax in an experiment to give the people the kind of drama they ought to have; the vicissitudes are many, but the experience is valuable, and the enterprise does not fail. Nor does the hero miss his great reward. The improbabilities of the plot are manifold, but it is not often that a romance of this uncompromising sort is backed by so much ability and has such force and quality of style. It has not the substance of Mr. Herrick's very serious novels, but it is far more cheerful in tone. If the sincere and uncompromising loyalty to the high standards of veracity and art which he has set before him in his more ambitious novels would permit also something of the warm human quality, the ease and lightness, the vitality of hope and endeavor, and the buoyant temper of this story, which he probably regards as a *tour de force*, Mr. Herrick's work would gain in power as well as in appeal.

Joan Thursday. By Joseph Vance. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.30.

Quite different from Mr. Vance's plot-tales, such as "The Brass Bowl." This is narrative fiction, the record of a shop-girl, driven from shop and home, who makes her way to success on the stage. The realism is forceful and close to city and stage life; it is also at times trying to one's taste because it photographs too directly and barely. In execution and ambition this novel marks a positive advance in the author's work.

End of Her Honeymoon (The). By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25

A bride and groom come to Paris at the Exposition time. Their hotel is crowded, and they are put in small rooms on separate floors; in the morning the husband has disappeared; the hotel people disclaim all knowledge of him; police and legations are appealed to in vain; the husband is never found. What is the key of the mystery, discovered years after? It is strange enough; but unless we mistake, the mystery has the same explanation as that of a similar narrative (but about a mother and a daughter) recently published as a true incident.

Little Green World (A). By J. E. Buckrose. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

This is another village story by the author of "Down Our Street," who always writes of English country life with pleasant humor and with some of the quaintness of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Her best work (for J. E. Buckrose is a woman) is not in this book.

Succession. By Ethel Sedgwick. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Like Rolland's "Jean Christophe," Miss Sedgwick's "Comedy of the Generations," of which series this is a second but independent volume, deals at formidable length with the career of a young musician. The story is far less tempestuous than Rolland's work. It is too much elaborated and minute for the hasty reader who loves action and the dramatic. But it is sincere work, is close and deep in its study of temperament and artistic *entourage*, and is unusually true in character drawing.

Merrilie Dawes. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

The author has gone a long way from his forte of writing spirited tales about railway construction and adventure. Here he deals with society questions and love complications, and gives a vivid picture of Wall Street and its gigantic financial fights. The heroine, to save from ruin the man she secretly loves, plunges into the conflict, with results that may easily be guessed. The book has originality and abounds in incident.

Prescott, of Saskatchewan. By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.25.

Here, as in two or three former books, Mr. Bindloss convinces the reader of the fidelity of his descriptions of life in the Canadian Northwest, and also creates characters who are out of the ordinary run; but again, also, he handles his plot and incident in a confused and unsatisfactory manner.

Golden Road (The). By L. M. Montgomery. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Again this always readable writer about boys and girls (but not solely for boys and girls) tells of the doings and sayings of a group of young people in Prince Edward's Island with whom her readers are already acquainted. We will not say that the story is the equal of "Anne of Green Gables," but it has the same wholesome and natural fun, and again there are interspersed little stories and incidents which have quaintness and sometimes imagination.

Dominie of Harlem (The). By Arnold Mulder. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.25.

A study of a Dutch settlement in Michigan. Sturdy, stiff-necked, opposed to change, orthodox in the old sense, these people are awakened to modern ideas socially and religiously by a progressive young Dominie. The book has movement and sincerity of purpose, and the discussion of questions is interesting, although a condensation of the dialogue would have improved the story as such.

Squire Phin. By Holman Day. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

An ex-circus man returns to his native Maine village, bringing his pet elephant with him. He is full of a desire to get even with his boyhood enemies and those of his family, but is outwitted by his brother, Squire Phin, who straightens out all troubles by his wisdom and big-heartedness. There is racy New England talk and character, fun in plenty, and perhaps a trifle too much of sentimentalism. A new edition of a popular story.

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THE READER'S VIEW

IN DEFENSE OF TAMMANY

I cannot refrain from replying to Mr. Wheeler's article on Tammany Hall in your issue of September 13, so incomplete and partisan is it. Coming from such a writer, whom I have known and admired for many years, I looked for something comprehensive and judicial in tone on this political body, now nearly a century and a quarter old, which still draws to its ranks many prominent and excellent citizens of New York. If Tammany were such a body as Mr. Wheeler paints it, would New York have tolerated it all these years?

The fact that my grandfather, the late Gulian Crommelin Verplanck, was identified with the Society of Tammany or the Columbian Order almost throughout the whole of his long life of public service has led me to examine the history of that interesting body. He began his political career early in life, and in 1819 became prominent owing to his attack on De Witt Clinton through satirical poems called "The Bucktail Bards, or The State Triumvirate." "Bucktail" was the name given by Clinton, while Governor, and at that time an anti-Tammany man, to his political enemies, among whom was Verplanck, though they later became reconciled. The object of these rhymes, according to the late Judge Charles P. Daly, was "to expose the political venality and corruption of some of the leading men that surrounded Clinton, as well as to take down the Governor's literary and scientific pretensions." Verplanck saw in the Columbian Order a near approach to the practice of the principles of Jefferson, as indeed it was; for, barring a few lapses from its standards, the Order has continued to be the means of inculcating among the masses of the metropolis a knowledge of popular government, and incidentally has conferred much more good on the ever-increasing number of immigrants that settle in New York than the occasional harm done them by some of the subordinates of the Society.

In 1805 the Legislature of this State incorporated the Society on the petition of "William Mooney and others, inhabitants of the city of New York." The petition, which is recited in the act of incorporation, states that "the petitioners since the year 1789 have associated themselves under the name and description of *The Society of Tammany* or the Columbian Order, for the purpose of affording relief to the indigent and distressed members of said association, their widows and orphans, and others who may be found proper objects of their charity."

Tammany was an Indian chief of the Delaware tribe, noted as a sage rather than as a warrior—hence the Indian nomenclature which the Society still employs in its notices and names of officers, etc. A limited grant of power to hold real estate was also contained in the charter. In 1867, when the present "Wigwam" was built on East Fourteenth Street, a more liberal tenure of real estate was granted by the Legislature, and on the Fourth of July of that year, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone, Gulian C. Verplanck, then a sachem and in his eighty-first year, was the orator of the day. The Order early became active in local politics, and always insisted on the extension of the suffrage and on "home rule" for the city. It is not generally known that the citizens had no voice in the selection of their Mayor until 1834. In that year Verplanck, having fallen out with the powers at Tammany Hall, as he had done once or twice before, was defeated for Mayor on a very close vote by Lawrence, the Tammany candidate.

The Society of Tammany still retains the original name derived from Jefferson, viz., Republican, later amplified into Democratic-Republican party, and has always stood for the open primary, without discrimination, and favored the widest application of popular government. The Society is said by some writers to have had for its object the defeat of the supposed aristocratic tendencies of the Order of the Cincinnati. Whether Tammany lived up to her principles or the Cincinnati was a pernicious influence in the early days of the republic, are still mooted points. If denunciation has any weight in the question, it may be safely said that the Society of Tammany has received less of it than the Society of the Cincinnati. Like other corporate bodies, however, Tammany Hall has fallen from time to time under the domination of base and self-seeking men, as seems to be the case now; but when we compare its record with that of any other party faction, order, or corporation having such a long history, candor will force a fair critic to admit that Tammany's influence has, on the whole, been a beneficent one.

Mr. Wheeler's article is one of those half-truths, often the worst of lies. Is the Roman Church to be judged by Pope Alexander Borgia, and Saint Francis of Assisi ignored? or is the present Republican party to stand or fall on the record of Grant's second Administration, and Lincoln and Schurz to be overlooked? Yet that, it seems to me, is Mr. Wheeler's method of discussion.

An experience of over thirty years in the social and legal world of New York has enabled me to meet judges, lawyers, and men of note in the financial and mercantile world who were more or less connected with the Tammany branch of the Democratic party (while never a member myself), and I find that by far the greater

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number of these are men of high principles and agreeable and profitable companions. Yet to denounce Tammany Hall is still "good copy" in journalism the world over, in the face of flagrant misrule, political or municipal, elsewhere. To malign and misrepresent the city of New York and to belittle or ignore the vast and ever-increasing generosity and zeal of its citizens seems to be an occupation of profit to many persons.

Tammany Hall, with all its faults, has rarely failed to interpret the spirit of the city, her aims, her progress, and pride of achievement far better than any of the Reform governments which have followed the occasional excesses of the "Wigwam"—and the best governments that we have ever had were due to a reformed Tammany. I believe, moreover, that the "regency" that now dictates its policy will soon be discredited, and the true principles of the Columbian Order will again triumph, to the profit of the city and State.

WILLIAM E. VERPLANCK.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, New York.

[See in this connection an editorial in this issue relating to the political situation in New York City.—THE EDITORS.]

FROM AN AMERICAN IN BULGARIA

All Americans here feel the deepest sympathy for Bulgaria and are as much convinced as she is that she was basely beaten out of her just deserts. After all, Bulgaria assumed practically all of the risks and most of the burdens of a severe and prolonged war only in order to make Macedonia a part of the fatherland. And as a result of these risks and efforts she has lost perhaps 150,000 men, much provisions, military prestige, national honor, and a part of her own territory, and Macedonia seems to be more completely out of her reach than it was a year ago. In the whole affair there has not been one redeeming feature for Bulgaria. The most deserving and progressive nation in the Balkans has been humiliated; her indescribably pusilanimous neighbor of the north has been greatly strengthened; her treaty-breaking neighbor to the west has been tremendously enriched; her vain and insolent neighbor to the south has acquired territory almost equal to her most extravagant dreams; and her age-old enemy sits before her very eyes caressing Europe with sweet palaver about her mission of mercy in Thrace.

It is very difficult for a stranger to put himself in the place of a typical Bulgarian to-day. Probably no people have ever felt so outraged as the Bulgarians do at present. They have felt that their mission was just as holy and sacred as the exploit of Garibaldi, Moses, Spartacus, or Washington. If America had a moral right to free Cuba from an oppressive government, then Bulgaria may well feel that no nation in the whole history of glorious achievements has been more in the right than she was. And in few other cases has right been brought to such distressing straits at the hands of might. In the Bulgarian mind to-day right, justice, freedom, and progress have been overwhelmed by treachery, oppression, deceit, and violence.

It is not necessary for me to comment on the effect this is bound to have on the general religious and spiritual attitude of the people. When has faith in the general goodness of things been so tried? It makes no difference how just or unjust Bulgaria's cause has been. She is sure that she was in the right and that she was fighting for a noble cause; but she has lost at every point.

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STEVENSON ON FOREST DEVASTATION

After all that has been said on the subject of the conservation of our forests, has any one improved on Robert Louis Stevenson? One of his most delightful essays, "Old Pacific Capital," was written in 1880, when already the mountain fires were one of the great dangers of California. "I have seen," he says, "from Monterey as many as three at the same time. By day a cloud of smoke, by night a red coal of conflagration in the distance. A little spark will start them, and if the wind be favorable they gallop over miles of country faster than a horse. The inhabitants must turn out and work like demons, for it is not only the pleasant groves that are destroyed; the climate and the soil are equally at stake, and these fires prevent the rain of the next winter and dry up the perennial fodder. California has been a land of promise in its time, like Palestine; but if the woods continue so swiftly to perish, it may become, like Palestine, a land of desolation."

Battle Creek, Michigan. T. C. O'DONNELL.

THE PHILIPPINES: THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST VIEW

May I be permitted to plead two considerations overlooked by Mr. O. Garfield Jones in his article in The Outlook for September 20: that the plan for Philippine independence contemplates a general "neutralization" for the protection of their autonomy, completely ignored by your contributor; and that the upbuilding of great "interests" in the islands, with the power and the will to oppose the removal of the United States guaranty of security, must prevent there ever being "last days of our colonial history."

ERVING WINSLOW.

The Anti-Imperialist League, Boston, Massachusetts.

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BY THE WAY

"Pearls for a penny! Who buys my pearls for a penny!" might have been the cry of the London workman who found the famous $650,000 pearl necklace on the street, and, not knowing what had been cast before him, tried to sell one of the detached gems at a public-house for a copper coin. The necklace, almost entire, was finally put into the hands of the police, and the workman now thinks he ought to have the $50,000 reward offered for its recovery.

"The unfortunate condition now exists," said Dr. H. W. Wiley before the International Congress and Exposition of Refrigeration, "of providing so-called fresh foods in an advanced state of staleness and of providing foods which should be properly aged in an immature state." Eggs of course are in the first category, and sugar-cured hams ready within a few days after slaughter are in the second.

Speaking of quick processes for producing articles that usually require time for a perfect product, Dr. Nodon, a French inventor, has devised a plan for the seasoning of timber by electricity. Newly felled trees are sawn into thick planks and these are subjected to the alternating current for ten hours, with the result, as claimed, that the timber becomes harder, easier to work, and less warped by moisture than timber which has been seasoned by the ordinary air-drying process.

"Quintard Left an Estate of $2,220,285," "Big Tim Leaves $3,000,000," "Insane Woman's Estate now Amounts to $3,142,075," are samples of headlines that are seen so often that it seems as if all the world were getting into the millionaire class. In another aspect, the growing wealth of "everybody" was hit off by a looker-on at the endless procession of motor cars on Fifth Avenue: "You would think automobiles were worth about a dollar apiece to see them here—almost everybody's got one."

Signor Albertieri, teacher of dancing for the Century Opera, New York City, compliments American girls thus: "In Italy all the girls are alike; in France, another kind but all alike. Here you see always variety: red hair with brown eyes, red hair with blue eyes; black hair with fair skin, yellow hair with olive skin. The girls are much prettier and more individual."

The General Secretary of the German Olympic Commission, Mr. Carl Diem, is reported as saying that the University of Pennsylvania has the finest system of athletics in the world.

Travelers who grow weary on a five days' voyage across the Atlantic and sigh for an airship should read the record of a voyage around Cape Horn in '49 by a party of gold-hunters, as published in the "South American." Fierce gales, scorching heat, wretched food, and a brutal captain made the ship a floating inferno for six long weeks before the first port, even, was reached. The "good old times" certainly had nothing to attract us in the way of sea voyages—except the fascinating yarns of those who went through these bitter experiences.

"Newspaper leaders [*i. e.*, editorial articles]," says a writer in the London "Sphere," "no longer carry votes. They did thirty years ago assuredly; and I recall that in the days of my youth people quoted the 'Times' or the 'Standard' or the 'Daily Telegraph' as oracles." The loss of the editorial influence, simultaneously with the expansion of the news facilities, of the daily press is an American as well as British phenomenon.

And yet the newspapers do have their influence even in the highest circles. In evidence: "As a result of the [New York] 'Sun's' figures showing that the General Sessions Judges work very short hours for their $17,500 a year salary, Judge Mulqueen sat five hours yesterday, Judge Rosalsky five hours and twenty minutes, and Judge Swan four hours and thirty minutes. It is the first time in months that the Judges have sat in the afternoon."

The Imperator on a recent trip brought safely across the Atlantic 4,981 persons—the greatest human cargo ever carried by any seagoing vessel. Of these 3,649 were passengers and 1,332 were crew. Among the vast stores of provisions required for the sustenance of this multitude, characteristic items, which show the influence of national taste, are "5,500 pounds of sauerkraut and salt haricots" and "6,000 gallons and 3,000 bottles of beer."

Man's pride in embodying the highest form of life receives now and then a shock at the discoveries showing that the so-called lower forms of existence are greatly his superiors along certain lines. As showing tenacity of life, for instance, we read that in fighting agricultural pests "ladybugs are gathered in February in large numbers in the Sierra Mountains and shipped to laboratories. Here they are kept, nearly frozen, at a temperature of 35 degrees, until April, when they are removed from the refrigerators and turned loose to help the farmers."

Billboard advertising in France, in the vicinity of railway stations, is said to have been effectually discouraged through the imposition of a high tax. Advertisers have, it is reported, abandoned billboards as an advertising medium and adopted the "flower sign." Flower beds set on slopes which incline toward the railway tracks are arranged to give, through letters in

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contrasting colors, the advertiser's message. This is certainly a step in the right direction.

A writer in "Shipping Illustrated" declares that "there is no American harbor so replete with interest to the marine antiquarian as that of New York." He particularly instances the excursion "barges" as barbaric survivals, dangerous and unsanitary, and asserts that even many much-vaunted Sound steamboats are far below the present-day European standard of marine architecture.

In opposition to the belief that railway traveling is dangerous, a recent newspaper contest would seem to show that the persistent commuter is assured of a practical immortality. The "oldest commuter" is Mr. Frederick H. Smith, and he has been commuting between Newark, New Jersey, and New York City since 1851. The road on which he began commuting has gone out of existence, but Mr. Smith's activity is undiminished.

The picturesque schooners with many masts, which for a time promised to take the place of the almost extinct full-rigged ships, are steadily disappearing. Last month one of the largest of these schooners, the six-masted George W. Wells, was wrecked off Hatteras. A still larger vessel, the seven-masted Thomas W. Lawson, has also disappeared.

A business man who lives in Guatemala, Central America, recently received nine letters in one day from prominent firms in the United States. For each of these letters he had to pay ten cents extra postage, because some careless clerk had put only a two-cent stamp on letters which require five cents postage. The "Popular Magazine" cites this fact, among others, as a reason why the United States does not get its proper share of South American trade.

A Berlin physician stated in a recent lawsuit that there are cases of insanity due to vexation in connection with the use of the telephone, and that this kind of dementia is called *Telephonärger*. An appropriate sentiment to place near the telephone might be that of a printed card which is found in some business offices, "Don't scrap; it isn't worth while." Nervous gentlemen might look at this and then say nothing.

"Back to the land" is a phrase that suggests to the devout Jew a return to Palestine, but to the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society it means getting Jewish immigrants who have been accustomed to farm labor to take up in America their usual occupation instead of adding to the congestion of the cities. During the last year this Society has succeeded in placing nearly one thousand Jews on farms in New York.

A German savant suggests the making of an encyclopædia on the card index system. This would enable subscribers to keep in touch with the rapid changes that are taking place in every department of knowledge. It would, however, require the continuous employment of a large body of specialists, and might prove even more expensive than the publication of an encyclopædia on the ordinary plan.

If you meet a great stockman at Chicago, says a writer in the "Country Gentleman," his name is likely to begin with "Mc." Scotch and English names crop out constantly as owners of great herds. And why, questions this writer, is Great Britain, as thus indicated, a great stock country? The answer is given in a single word —grass. "England's meadows and pastures are unsurpassed," the writer concludes, "and it is unlikely that they will ever be equaled by any other country."

The list of aviation fatalities now amounts to nearly 400. Germany and France head the list of these martyrs to the new art of flying, while America is third. Continental Europe is now the chief center of activity on the part of the flying men. The United States has to a certain extent lost interest, apparently, in this new world of activity, in which it was the pioneer.

Sheriff Harburger, of New York City, impresses many people as being an egotist of the first rank, while others regard him as merely a humorist—is a combination of the two impossible? The fact that he is not an egotist is seen in his speech on Washington. He said, "My friends, let me tell you something about Washington and myself." An egotist, of course, would have phrased it, "Myself and Washington." Here is an example of his humor: "With a dictionary," he says, "and my intellect, I just dashed it off"—referring to one of his remarkable letters. The Sheriff will bear watching.

That raucous instrument the "horse fiddle," unknown to the dictionaries but dear to the bucolic heart, consisting, if we remember, of a rosined rope stretched across a dry-goods box and played upon by a plank, is apparently becoming dishonored in the land of its birth. A newspaper report tells of the arrest of a party of thirty-one performers on this instrument, who were giving an old-fashioned "shivaree" with its aid. Sad are the times when, instead of regaling the serenaders with cider and doughnuts, an unappreciative bridegroom calls in the police to stop the concert!

Making trivialities alluring has become a fine art in the hands of the headline writers of the daily newspapers. When one reads, "Cupid Bags Four Wildgooses," as a headline, one must read further. It is merely a social item; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wildgoose, of Livingston Avenue, have thirteen children, nine of whom are married; the remaining four have become engaged. Particulars follow which make the good news seemingly authentic.

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